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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

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POODLE AGAINST PEANUTS.

THE UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF A BALTIMORE BELLE AND HER PET POODLE WITH THE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF A NEAPOLITAN MACCARONI EATER.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

CHAIN HIM UP.

That stupendous nuisance, Parson Downs, of Boston, surpassed all his previous performances on Sunday by reading to a crowded house the confession of a female member of his church, in which she declared herself guilty of improper intimacy with a certain deacon, spoken of as "a prominent brother" by the parson, who has been very active in trying to bring Downs to justice.

It is said the woman who made the confession was present when it was read and evinced great enjoyment of the occasion on which she announced to the world her shame. There will be a general disposition to discredit the story, considering the circumstances under which it was given to the public.

Boston ought to find some way to dispose of Downs, even if she has to treat him as she did that famous cargo of tea a hundred odd years ago. As for the woman referred to, a ducking-stool would answer very well for her.

SAM JONES AGAIN.

Sam Jones is making the beautiful groves and peaceful vales of Loveland, near Cincinnati, fairly resonant and sulphurous by opening the mouth of the Bottomless Pit so wide that Heaven only knows how anybody is to keep from tumbling into it. So near the city, too, it is positively dangerous. Sam says in his shocking way: "Every old sinner takes his brimstone with him to Hell to burn himself with." And again: "When a body's got nothing else to do, he sets down and goes to lying about Sam Jones, but I've done quit caring what folks say about Sam Jones." And yet again: "If you play progressive euchre you are a blackleg, I don't care whose husband or wife you are." Now, Samuel these be monstrous fibs you are telling, and if you don't roast for it some day it will be because divine justice is so diluted with mercy as to be utterly worthless for corrective purposes. Some people have about done quit caring what Sam Jones says.

WHAT ABOUT RASURES?

While all this fuss is being made about cutting what is being done about Rasures? Nothing apparently. And yet Rasures was guilty of no offense worse than supplanting a Mexican Justice of the Peace in the affections of a Mexican senorita, for which he was shot without trial, while Cutting, not content with publishing a libel on Mexican soil, for which he was very properly fined, published it again on the American side and circulated the papers himself on the Mexican side, thus repeating the libel in contempt of court. It looks as if the United States Government might yet have to retreat from its position in the Cutting case, while nothing has been done in the Rasures matter, and a cowardly assassination remains almost unnoticed. Has Uncle Sam gone off on the wrong foot again?

THE GREASER EXECUTOR.

Capt. Mondragon, who is a Mexican Ranger, and enjoys the poetical title of "Judge of the cord" (English, hangman), who murdered Rasures, killed another man last week. The people on the border have lost count of the number of men who have been put away by this Mexican captain, judge and executioner, who seems to have been somewhat appropriately named, who could very properly drop his first syllable. It seems to us that this peaceable and law-abiding citizen is a person to whom the Mexican government should turn its attention. The prompt and effective suppression of Mondragon would change the whole aspect of affairs on the frontier, and may save a great deal of worry and perhaps bloodshed in the future.

STAGE WHISPERS.

James Schonberg, the author of "Not one word," vests all rights to the play in himself. The play is in the market.

Robert Buchanan's play "Sophia" is the property of Lester Wallack. He warns managers and others against infringements.

Branch O'Brien, the "Ghost" of the Denver Tribune, has been engaged by George W. June as the *avant courier* of Viola Allen.

William Eversole, for several seasons connected with Haverly's enterprises, has been secured by J. H. Mack for "The Gladiator."

May Gallagher is summering at Piermont-on the Hudson. She has declined two offers for next season, because the parts were beneath her expectations.

Harold Courtney has been engaged by Lotta to play leading business in her company next season. Mr. Courtney is spending the summer at Noroton, Conn.

Helen Sedgwick has joined the forces of the Bijou Opera House for the coming season. Miss Sedgwick is promised that opportunities for her advancement will not be lacking.

Paul R. Albert is the manager of the New Opera House at Chattanooga, Tenn. Forty leading citizens are the stockholders. The Bijou Opera company opens the house on Oct. 4.

Kate Castleton is at the Alcazar theatre, San Francisco, for the present fortnight. She had a large house to greet "Crazy Patch" on Monday night. Chatley Reed was in the support.

Having secured William Muldoon for the combat scene in "The Gladiator," R. L. Downing has taken the athlete down to his farm in Virginia, there to indulge in short-sword practice.

Manager James Fennessy, of the firm of Hubert Heuck and Co., Cincinnati, will probably lease the People's theatre in that city to Sigmund Gabriel, late of the Vine Street Opera House.

Emily Kean has been engaged as leading support to C. A. Gardiner in the play "Karl." The season opens in Cincinnati on Sept. 6. Last season Miss Kean was the feature in Roland Reed's support.

Dora Wiley is singing in opera at Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis. She has made a hit in principal roles. Her voice is at its best, and she has overcome all fear of its being injured by contact with the night air.

F. E. Davis has been engaged as associate manager of the Hungarian Gypsy Students. Mr. Davis has been the energetic *avant courier* of many prominent musical organizations during past seasons.

Tony Hart is negotiating with Frank Sanger for the American rights to "Turned Up," a farcical comedy that Willie Edouin will produce at the London Comedy. The central figure in "Turned Up" is an undertaker.

The private car in which Adelaide Moore travels this season will bear her name. It is said to be the most elaborate car ever built. It is from the workshops of the Mann Boudoir Car Company, and will be delivered on Oct. 1.

Henry Chanfrau goes under new management. A. B. Anderson has taken charge of his interests. Mr. Anderson would like to hear from managers who have booked Mr. Chanfrau, and from those who would like to book him.

Workmen have been busy for over a week past at the front of the Bijou Opera House, and the result is that that structure is taking on a much more presentable appearance. In fact its exterior now compares favorably with any theatre in the city.

W. A. Whitecar is engaged for Joseph Jefferson's season. Among our younger actors Mr. Whitecar is one of the most conscientious and at the same time versatile. During the past few seasons he has appeared in support of some of our best known stars.

The Star theatre has been offered Viola Allen in which to make her debut in New York in W. C. Cowper's play, "Talked About," although it has not yet been accepted. Miss Allen will be Boston's only lady representative starring in the legitimate field of the drama next season.

Marie Burroughs will make her first appearance in New York, since she left that city to win a place for herself on the New York stage, with the Madison Square company. Miss Burroughs' own name is Lillie Arrington, and she belongs to a highly esteemed San Francisco family.

Randall's theatrical bureau is arranging a route for the Angelo Grand Italian Opera Company, of which Mile. Valda will be the prima donna. The company will comprise about one hundred people. It will be seen at popular (opera) prices—that is, two dollars being the highest charge for seats anywhere.

James Owen O'Connor is making preparations to star in an extended repertoire, including "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Richelleu," "Othello," "Lady of Lyons," "Marble Heart," etc. Mr. O'Connor is rapidly filling his time and feels confident of more than repeating his success of last season.

Annie Hindle (P) or Charles Hindle, (P) recently married in Cleveland, says that she married Vivian, and that when he discovered her sex he wanted to masquerade with her, but not having such a feminine appearance failed to make a success. Hindle further claims to be the illegitimate child of Ellen Terry, Henry Irving's famous partner. She denies that the woman with whom she lived and whom she called mother in Jersey City was anything but a foster mother. A Western reporter states emphatically that Hindle is a man.

An American Actress now winning favor and applause on the London boards, met with a small accident on a recent Saturday night during the second act of something called on the bills, "The funniest play ever written." While going through a romping scene she tripped and fell, and was involuntarily turned "end for end," as a sailor would say, but she did not suffer in any way from the mishap. Possibly had the lady known that such a *contretemps* would have forced her to the showing of her agility she would have worn a little more ruffles.

A TRAGIC FROLIC.

The nude body of a woman was found floating in the Mississippi river, near the Illinois shore, six miles below Hannibal, Mo., last Saturday. W. W. Aldrich, a justice of the peace of Pike county, held an inquest on the body, but developed no facts, and the case remained a mystery until Tuesday, when L. C. Evenden, of Hannibal, whose wife was missing, went down to the place and identified the body as hers. He then went to Mrs. Anna Hazen, a neighbor with whom she was last seen alive, and, demanding to know something concerning his wife's death, gleaned from the woman the following startling story: On last Thursday morning the two women left home, and, going to the river, got into a skiff with Robert W. Cash, one of the most prominent business men of the city, and recently candidate for mayor on the Republican ticket, and R. M. Cheesman, another business man. They rowed down the river to an island about three miles below town, where all four of the party undressed and went in bathing. Mrs. Hazen was the only one of the party who could swim. Mrs. Evenden waded out into deep water, and the undertow getting too strong for her she lost her footing, struggled in the water, and sank without uttering a cry. The men pulled the skiff out to where she was seen to go down, but after feeling around with oars for the body, failed to find it. They then brought Mrs. Hazen over to the Missouri shore, and she walked home. While they were crossing the river Mrs. Hazen threw Mrs. Evenden's clothes into the river. Cash and Cheesman came home in the skiff together, but being frightened at the fatal result of their frolic, and thinking probably the body would never be found, they kept the matter quiet. The morning papers created a sensation by publishing Mrs. Hazen's story in full. Mr. Cash, when interviewed by a correspondent, did not deny the story of Mrs. Hazen, but promised to make a written statement of the whole affair in a day or two. They are both married men, Cash being about 50 years of age and father of an interesting family. He is now chief of the Hannibal fire department, and a man of wealth and prominence. No affair since the Cruikshank-Godfrey scandal of 1880 has created such a social sensation.

A COLORED MAN'S WHITE WIFE ELOPES WITH A DARKEY.

A case of miscegenation exists in Alley C, in the Second Ward of Wheeling, W. Va. Robert Mason, an aged and hard-working colored man, lives in this by-way, where he is the owner of considerable property. About a year ago Mason visited Greene county, Pa., where he became infatuated with a pretty and petite white maiden, who he finally married, much against the will of the parents of the girl, an elopement being made a necessity before the bands were securely tied, and Mason brought his wife to Wheeling, where her pretty face attracted considerable attention which finally resulted in the arrest of the couple. On showing the marriage certificate they were finally released from jail. Since this incident the woman has been drinking heavily, losing as a consequence all traces of her former beauty. About two weeks ago, Eli Banks, a worthless colored man, hailing from Pittsburgh, began to frequent Mason's house, finally persuading Mrs. Mason to elope with him. The other evening on Mason's return from work he found his wife had disappeared, taking with her all of his clothes and a large sum of money he had been hoarding. Mason located his wife at Steubenville, where she was an inmate of a low dive, and going up coerced her into returning to him through threats of prosecuting her for adultery. The couple are still living together and will probably remain quiet. The dusky fellow who won Mrs. Mason's clothes away and had charge of the money is now cat, as are the articles and cash.

A HEADLESS TRUNK IN A SHOE BOX.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Three citizens of Wallingford, Conn., Edward and Joseph Terrill and Joseph Samson, were walking about three miles west of the center of Wallingford in the farm district, the other afternoon, when they discovered a shoe box under a clump of bushes. The manner in which the box was hid aroused their suspicions and they burst it open, exposing the headless trunk of a human body. The legs and arms were gone and had been backed off as though by a hatchet. Efforts were made to ascertain the identity of the remains, but without avail. Dr. McGaughey thinks that the body is that of a man between thirty-five and forty years of age, and that he has been dead between five and ten days. The box in which the body was packed is thirty inches long and twelve wide. No marks indicating violence were found on the trunk. Blood was found on the inside of the shoe box. The box was labeled, "One half pair men's seamless Cong.; one half, Ds machine sewed, six to ten, five wide, French tie, fine stitched. No. seven thousand one hundred and forty-nine. No. one thousand one hundred thirty-eight."

CONCEALING A GUN.

Sharps have a very clever way of concealing a pistol so as to defy a searcher. Instead of carrying it in the hip-pocket, they place it under the arm-pit, so that when standing erect, the arm close against the sides, detection is difficult. A strap passes over each shoulder, across the back and under each arm, and it is placed in position much the same way as a man puts on a waist-coat. The pistol holder is fastened to the portion of the strap just under the arm, and is allowed to swing vertically, kept steady by the arm when required, and especially when the searching process is going on.

MEXICAN OUTRAGES.

[With Portraits and Illustrations.]

We illustrate on a full page in this issue some of the scenes of the Cutting imbroglio. It will be remembered that Francisco Rasures was shot and buried in the most brutal manner by the Mexicans for some alleged offence. The Texan citizens are up in arms over the outrages committed on their fellowmen, and are backed by their plucky Governor whose portrait we also print with the other scenes.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS.

[With Portrait.]

Every railroader in the East knows Mr. Roberts, the able and active president of the Pennsylvania railroad, who has made that line one of the wonders of this century for comfort, speed and safety. On another page we publish an excellent portrait of the gentleman.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Two Prisoners Drowned.

Saturday week Alfred Hicks and William Taylor were arrested at Slidell, St. Tammany parish, La., for threatening the life of a telegraph operator at that place. The other evening the men, in charge of deputy sheriffs, passed through New Orleans on their way to Covington, where the parish jail of St. Tammany is located, and where they were to be confined while awaiting trial. The deputies and their prisoners left on the steamer New Camella, which runs across Lake Pontchartrain and up the Ichituncta river to Covington. The prisoners were handcuffed together, and at about 9 o'clock at night, as the boat was proceeding up Ichituncta river, they jumped overboard in an effort to escape. The wheel of the steamer struck them and swept them under and they were not seen again.

An Umpire Mobbed at Charleston, S. C.

When the Savannah Club went to the bat in the last half of the ninth inning of the baseball game of Aug. 5th, the score stood 3 to 1 in favor of the Charleston Club. Savannah scored a run and subsequently had the second and third bases manned. At this point the man at the bat hit to first, and seeing the hopelessness of his case stopped running. The home team, thinking that Savannah had given up the game, came in, and then the Savannah batter trotted leisurely to first base, and Savannah scored two more runs, which were allowed by the umpire, Edward S. Hengle. This decision infuriated the crowd. But for the earnest entreaties of the President of the home club, more than the efforts of several police officers, Hengle would have been severely injured if not killed by the crowd of infuriated spectators who rushed upon the diamond.

Mother Instinct.

A mother showed remarkable presence of mind in preserving the lives of her children, at Sea Island City, N. J., when her house was blown down during the recent storm. The lady whose name is McLaughlin said that she felt the house rocking and was about preparing to leave and go to a neighbor's when she felt the braces give way and the house being raised. She thoughtfully threw herself upon the floor and drew her three children to her, which action no doubt saved the lives of all, for had they been standing all would have been crushed. After the fall of the house, by the aid of the constant lightning, one of the boys was enabled to make his way between two trunks, but Carl refused to leave his mother until the baby, which was in the cot, had been found. He had groped about and at last found the infant nearly dead. Mother and children then made their escape. A second after they left, the back part of the house fell ever upon the spot from which they had just escaped. Mrs. McLaughlin and the children were taken in by the neighbors and cared for. The mother then became very weak and swooned.

Attempt to Rob a Train.

Another attempt to rob the express train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad was made early the morning of Aug. 5. When the north bound train was about two miles south of Bainbridge, Ky., Baggage Master John P. Winchester and Expressman Frank C. Perkins were sitting in the express and baggage car half dozing. A rap was heard at the door. Winchester, thinking it was the conductor, opened the door, and as he did so a stout stranger, with a pistol in each hand, thrust himself into the car and began firing upon the baggage man. Almost at the same moment Perkins sprang forward and with his revolver answered the shots of the desperado. The latter turned suddenly as if hit and leaped from the train without securing anything.

At the same instant Winchester staggered back in the car and sank into a chair. Perkins ran to him and found the blood pouring from a wound in the breast near the right side. The ball had passed entirely through the body and came out just under the right shoulder blade. Whether it pierced the lung Perkins could not tell positively. The appearance of the wound showed, however, that it was from one of the shots fired by their assailant. Winchester was left at Logansport for medical attention. He lives in New Albany, and is a brother of Boyd Winchester, of Louisville, Ky., now United States Minister to Switzerland.

Why Did She Shoot.

Romney, W. Va., whose citizens were greatly excited over the tannery murder last May, are again disturbed by another murder in their town, which occurred the other morning. Miss Ann Offner, a young woman about eighteen years old, shot and instantly killed Benjamin Brooks, aged forty-three years. Brooks was supposed to be her husband by a number of persons in that neighborhood, although at the time of shooting Miss Offner resided with her father on a farm a short distance from Romney. Brooks was said to be a dissolute and worthless character with no stated home, and roamed around picking up odd jobs at carpentering. The ball struck Brooks in the forehead and passed through his head, killing him instantly.

Some time last year Brooks, accompanied by Miss Offner, went to Cumberland, where a mock marriage was performed. They returned to Hampshire county, and took up their residence on the banks of the Little Capon river, living as man and wife. This state of affairs leaked out, and presentments were made and judgments found against them for illicit cohabitation. Pending the action of the Grand Jury, the woman returned to the home of her parents. Her story is in substance as follows:

"On the morning, when out on horseback after the cows, Brooks met her and endeavored to induce her to dismount, which she refused to do. Then Brooks, putting his hand behind him, said, 'If you don't I'll kill you.'"

She had a pistol, and immediately drew it and shot him; then she galloped off. A person who was near heard the shot, and saw her ride away. He investigated, and was horrified to find the corpse of Brooks. He at once gave the alarm, and the body was removed. At the inquest evidence was adduced which conflicted with the statement of the girl. It goes to show that she did dismount, and had acceded to the wishes of her paramour.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Louis Mayer, alias Hauserschmidt.

Louis Mayer, alias Louis Hauserschmidt, alias Louis Hauserschmidt last February skipped secretly from Red Bluff, Cal., where he ran a saloon, taking with him in his flight his wife's silverware and jewelry. He sailed for Germany, from whence he returned about the first of June, and married a buxom German girl named Ursula Herr, in this city, about the middle of the same month, whom he deserted in Philadelphia, not forgetting to carry off the girl's boodle. About the first of July he was married again to Hermine Lux, a widow at Burlington, Iowa, whom he played for all she was worth, and left her in St. Louis on the tenth of July to look out for herself. An excellent portrait from a photograph of the holy terror appears at the head of this column.

Eloped With a Chicago Scamp.

Miss Madeline Kessler, a twenty-two-year-old heiress of many accomplishments and striking beauty, has created a sensation on the South Side, Chicago, and grieved her widowed mother by eloping with Alfred Rickner, alias "French Fred," a notorious character well known in Fourth avenue. He is forty-eight years of age and the husband of Miss Philomena Choquette, whose name engraved on a silver plate embellishes the door of a white front in the gayest quarter of Fourth avenue. He was married to this woman June 29, 1885, and has since been a pensioner on her generosity. Both are French Canadians and originally came from Montreal. How "French Fred," who is a sinister-looking man, secured an introduction to Miss Kessler and won her confidence, is a piece of knavery inexplicable to her friends.

Peter Kessler, the young lady's father, was a flour merchant of State street. He died about three weeks ago, leaving an estate valued at \$200,000. He had been a resident of Chicago for thirty years or more, and was regarded as an old settler. Madeline is his only daughter. Miss Kessler has one brother, who is a clerk in the Pension Office at Washington. She was always quiet and innocent in manner, and never had many gentlemen friends. She never slept away from home a night in her life. It is known that the eloping couple left on a Michigan Central train, probably for Canada. The girl took none of her clothing and no money with her.

Shot His Cousin and Himself.

S. S. Tottman, aged forty, a farmer worth \$200,000, living near Sharon, ten miles west of Akron, Ohio, died by his own hand August 5, but not until he had thrice wounded his cousin, Thomas G. Briggs, a wealthy farmer neighbor of his. About six years ago John Briggs, a wealthy Californian, an uncle of the victims, died, leaving to his three children, all under twelve years of age, an estate worth upward of \$75,000. The children came to Sharon to live in the family of Tottman, who was made their guardian and administrator of the estate. Two years ago Maria, the eldest of the children, then about sixteen years old, began to be the subject of gossip at Sharon. Soon after she went to Cleveland, and her emaciated appearance on her return confirmed the scandal which had been afloat.

Last June Maria again became a mother, and soon after died. The child was taken to Cleveland. Rumor was busy, but not until recently was Tottman, who has a wife and child, charged with the paternity of the dead girl's offspring. Thomas Briggs had long been jealous of Tottman's administration of their uncle's estate, having from the start desired to handle the property himself. Recently he obtained information from California which confirmed his suspicion that the estate had mysteriously dwindled, and armed with these facts and the evidence of Tottman's alleged immorality he threatened to make an exposure of the whole matter unless Tottman resigned as administrator. The hostilities which arose from this state of things culminated when Tottman, under pretext of making out some papers, induced Briggs to come to his house and there fired three shots into him, each of which took probably fatal effect. Tottman then shot himself, the bullet piercing his heart. Both parties are well known throughout this region.

A Boy Brutally Treated.

Charles Russell, of Youngstown, Ohio, a rolling-mill heater, while walking through the streets Aug. 2, leading a son, aged ten, by a chain around the neck and whipping the boy at every step, was stopped by a crowd of citizens who demanded the boy's release. Russell made an insulting reply, when the crowd caught him and would have ornamented the nearest lamp post had not officers promptly arrived. Russell was locked up, and asserts that the lad was incorrigible and he wanted to frighten him. Citizens assert



"French Fred."

that the boy was tied with ropes the night before, and breaking away the father then chained him.

An Immigrant Girl's Experience.

The danger surrounding the safety of young immigrant girls on their arrival in this city was illustrated one day last week at the Tombs. Jane Claudel, a handsome girl of nineteen years, stood before Justice Duffy, with her head bandaged, and accused Charles Thieron, proprietor of the Hotel France, No. 168 Washington street, with having attempted to assault her. The girl's story was that while coming to this country on the steamer Labourgogne she formed the acquaintance of a woman who recommended her to stay at Thieron's hotel during her stay in this city. She was going to Ottawa, Can., where a situation as music teacher awaited her. On landing she went to the hotel. Being anxious to start for Ottawa immediately, Thieron took her to the depot. He, however, told her that she could get no train for a day or two, and on her way back to the hotel, the girl alleges, Thieron tried to induce her to enter a concert saloon on Fourteenth street. She refused, however, and returned to the hotel.

She says that during the night Thieron entered her room and seized her around the waist. Thieron's wife then entered the room and struck the girl on the head with a soda water bottle. Then the wife discovered that her husband was to blame and fled in alarm to New Jersey, where she has another hotel. Thieron was afterward arrested. Justy Duffy held him and the girl was committed to the House of Detention.

A CRAZY MURDERER.

The case of the State of Missouri against Dr. Samuel A. Richmond, the murderer of Col. James W. Strong, managing editor of the St. Joseph Daily Herald, was called before Judge Silas Wootson in the Buchanan county criminal court the morning of August 2, at 10



Bad news from California.

o'clock. The prisoner appeared in the court-room looking very feeble, and had to be supported by two deputy sheriffs. Mr. James W. Boyd, for the State, informed the court that he would ask to have the case continued until the November term of court, and was requested by the court to reduce the application to writing. Judge Wootson adjourned court until 4 o'clock, when Mr. Boyd presented a very lengthy petition asking the court to continue the case until next November. He stated in this application that the most important witnesses for the State were absent; that if those witnesses were present they would swear that Richmond had feigned insanity for many months and that he would further prove that at the time when Richmond claimed to be in an asylum at Kankakee, Ill., he was hiding at Des Moines, Iowa, and Tuscola, Ill. Mr. Boyd, in his petition, claimed that Richmond has feigned insanity for the purpose of killing Col. Strong.

The names of the witnesses who are absent are Andrew Rowan, John T. Sturtevant and J. C. Piece, of Des Moines, Iowa. Richmond was apparently unconscious of what was going on while the application was being read, but as Mr. Boyd finished reading Richmond flew at him in a violent fit of rage. He denounced it generally, and shouted at the top of his voice: "It's a lie, every word of it; it's a lie." He had advanced within a few steps of Mr. Boyd before his guards could check him, and it took four men to hold him in his seat until he quieted down. The application for a continuance brought on quite a spirited argument which excited Richmond intensely. When Mr. Boyd arose to speak, Richmond rushed at him again

with the ferociousness of a tiger, but was caught by the guards and the sheriff. There was a great deal of excitement in the court room at this time, and it was quite a while before order was restored. Judge Wootson overruled the motion for continuance, and ordered the sheriff to summon a panel of sixty jurors for Wednesday morning. It is hardly probable that the trial of the case will be commenced before Saturday, as the defence will take forty-eight hours in which to challenge the jury.

SHOT DEAD BY HIS WIFE.

An Unhappy Marriage That Culminated in a Tragedy.

Three months ago Capt. Wallace W. Hall married Miss Annie Cox, of Chicago. Early the morning of Aug. 7 he was shot and instantly killed in his home on Wabash avenue. The fatal bullet was fired by his wife, who claimed that it was accidental and occurred during a struggle for possession of the pistol between herself and husband. Mrs. Hall is now in custody. Capt. Hall until recently stood very high as an officer in the secret service of the United States. His marriage was not a happy one and he became dissipated. This resulted in his resignation being called for. Finding himself out of employment he drank more deeply still and frequently quarrels marred domestic happiness. Mrs. Hall claims that he frequently threatened her life, and her father, James M. C. Cox, was compelled to reside with them. Several quarrels took place on Aug. 6, and a very bitter feeling was engendered between man and wife, which culminated in the tragedy. The sound of a terrible struggle in the Hall



Youngstown's champion brute.

residence, the crashing of furniture, a woman's piercing scream, and a pistol shot alarmed the neighbors, and the police were summoned. When they entered the house they were met on all sides by evidences of a life and death struggle. Mrs. Hall, clad in her night robe, was discovered pacing the floor excitedly. When questioned she pointed to a rear room. There the officers discovered the body of Capt. Hall lying face upward on the floor, blood slowly trickling from a wound in the middle of his breast above the heart. A few feet away lay a Smith & Wesson revolver of 32 calibre, with one empty chamber. The body was cold. In this room the furniture and bedclothes gave clear evidence of a hard struggle. Capt. Hall was attired only in a night shirt. The feet lay partly under the bed, with the head toward the center of the room, and the blood which ran from the wound in his breast over the carpet showed that he had died without changing the position in which he fell. Mrs. Hall was taken to the armory and the corpse to the morgue. The woman's father corroborates her story of the affair.

A CURIOUS CLERGYMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The latest beauty at Richfield Springs, N. Y., is Miss Daisy Wilson, from Baltimore, Md. Miss Wilson's height would attract attention, but she carries it well, and her head is placed goddes-like—that is to say, she has a long neck—on her shoulders. The other evening at the dance at the New American a reverend



Thieron attempts a crime.

and distinguished divine came hurrying over with a party "to see that pretty Miss Wilson dance." And at the Spring House it was amusing to see the people crane their necks to look at her.

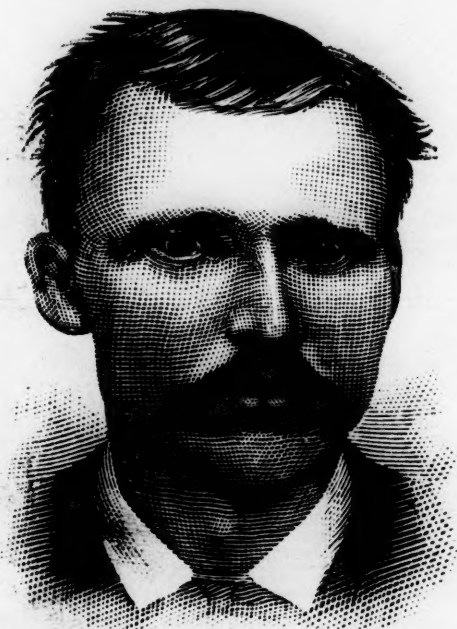
W. G. NEAFER.

With Portrait.

In this issue we publish a portrait of W. G. Neaffer, well known throughout the West as the fastest ladder climber in America. He has a record of six seconds.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



T. R. Griffin is the able Chief of Detectives of the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific railroad. A few weeks ago we illustrated the brutal killing of Conductor Ed Pelton on a train on the Cincinnati and Southern, by one Isham King, the leader of the desperate riot. Detective Griffin, with his accustomed ability, has succeeded in running down King with a speed and an energy that proves him to be a worthy and fearless officer of the law.

Bob Tall.

Bob Tall, the famous fighting dog of Minneapolis, Minn., is a bull terrier and weighs forty-five pounds. He is owned by Frank W. May of that city, who informs us that he is ready to match him against any dog in America at his weight for \$1,000 a side.

Carlisle D. Graham.

Carlisle D. Graham is the daring athlete who a few weeks ago made the voyage through the Whirlpool Rapids, Niagara, encased in a barrel. It was a foolhardy attempt which many supposed was impossible, but Graham succeeded, and is now classed one of the athletic wonders of the century.

Fred Patterson, Jr.

Young Patterson has become notorious for his horse stealing trips into the State of Connecticut. In his last adventure, however, he was traced to his wild mountain home at Stormville, N. Y., with horse and carriage belonging to Mrs. Cornelia Neal, and by a clever bit of detective work was trapped by the Connecticut officer, William N. McNamara, who has him safely locked up at Southington for trial. Fred Patterson is said to have come of a family of horse thieves.

Marshal John Convoys.

Many of our Western readers will remember the terrible affair which happened in Detroit, Minn., a few weeks ago, which began by the shooting of brave John Convoys, the marshal of the town, and ended with the lynching of his brutal slayer, John W. Kelliber, alias "Big Red," a fearless desperado, and the burning of his mistress' house, etc. For a few nights the orderly little town was in the wildest excitement over scenes of terror and confusion. On another page we print an excellent portrait of the late marshal who met his death while in the act of arresting Kelliber.

Jimmy the Kid.

James Willoughby, was born in New Market, Platte County, Missouri, September 19, 1864. When three years old he moved to the West where he has since lived. In the spring of 1883, the 15th day of May, he rode and won the championship of Wyoming, the prize being a silver mounted saddle valued at \$150, and bridle valued at \$65. He commenced riding when only seven years old and has rode ever since. His older fellow cowboys give him the name of Jim the Kid on account of his being the smallest cowboy at that time on the frontier. In the summer of 1885 he won the championship of Ropers, throwing 105 feet and catching a cow, which was the best throw ever known to be made in the West.

Thomas Jenkins.

Thomas Jenkins was arrested in Lewiston, Maine, July 18th. He had for some time held the position of porter and night clerk in the Hotel Pelham, on State street, Chicago. On the night in question George Withers, the first jockey for W. S. Barnes' stables, came to the house quite late, and going to the desk requested Jenkins, the clerk, to place his valuables in the safe. He gave him a gold watch, diamond pin, diamond ring and \$50 in money, or about \$300 in all. In the meantime the clerk gathered together all of his effects, and, helping himself to Withers' property, disappeared during the night. The next morning the larceny was discovered, and he was traced to Lewiston, Maine, was arrested, and Detective Michael J. Crowe of the Central Station sent to bring the fugitive back to Chicago. Withers has brought suit against the hotel to recover his property.

George Russell.

George Russell, alias "White Pine," was bounced from the Palmer House, Chicago, the other evening, and ordered to leave the city by the police. Russell is one of the most accomplished and notorious confidence swindlers in the country. In 1876 he had a fight at the corner of Monroe and Clark streets in that city with his pal, known as Sir James, and the latter was killed by a thrust with a bowie knife. For this Russell served a term of one year in the penitentiary, and then drifted to the South. He was next heard from at New Orleans, where he swindled a man out of \$1,000 at the bunko game. On the way to the station he dropped a bogus check for \$1,000, drawn on the St. Paul National Bank, payable to J. B. Miller, and signed Charles Thompson. It was picked up by the officers, and is regarded as evidence that Russell has not reformed since he was last seen in these parts.



GEORGE B. ROBERTS.

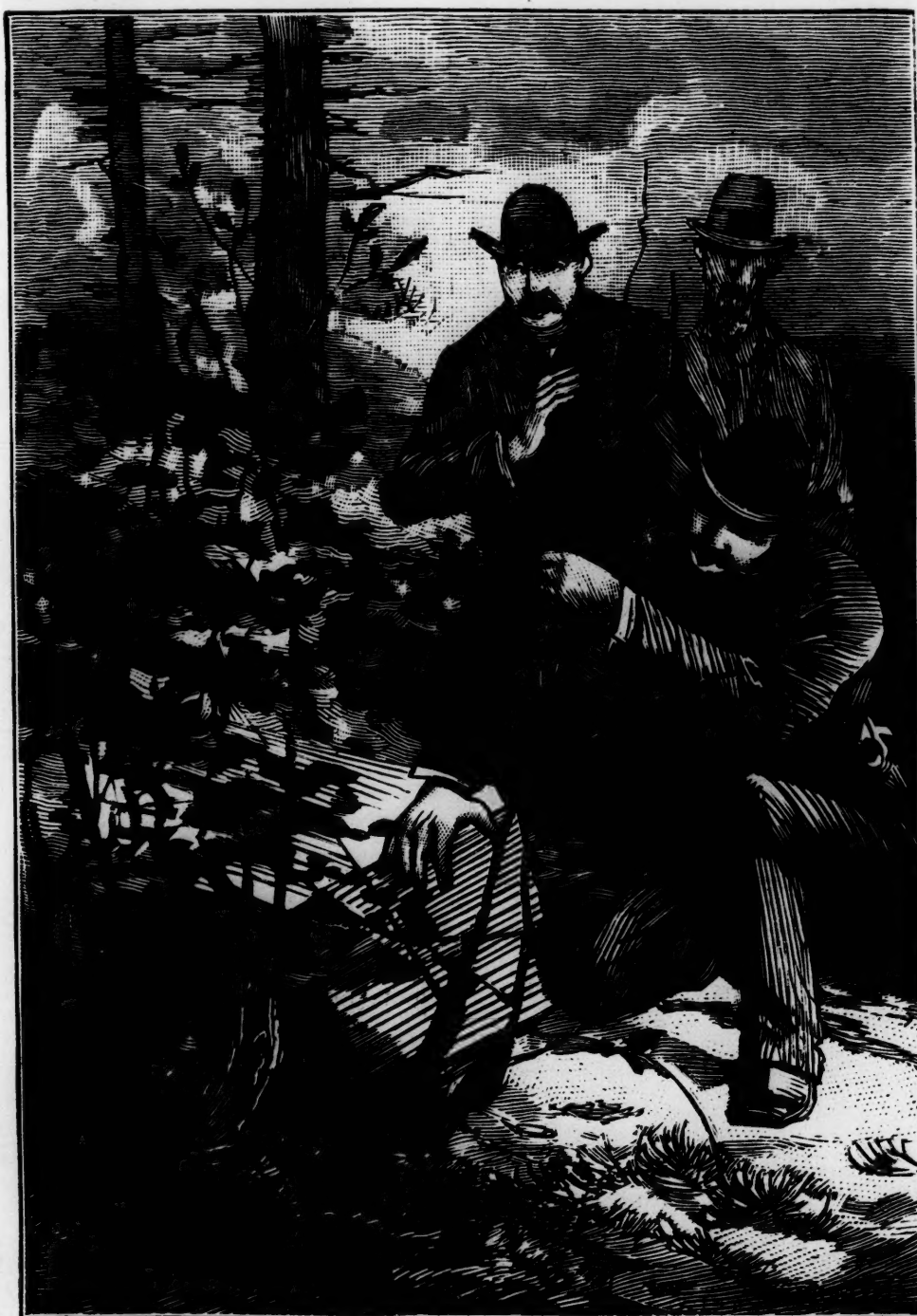
THE INVALUABLE PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

Owens the Whole Family.

The elopement of Mrs. Bradford Clarke, a grand-daughter of rich old Jacob Lorillard, with a young man named Fehr, clerk in the New York Cotton Exchange, has caused a tremendous sensation in Belleville, N. J., where the Clarks resided. The husband of the lady is serenely unconcerned over her escapade. He intimates that he is glad to get rid of her, but he wants his children, whom the mother took with her. He wrote to Fehr, telling him to keep his wife, but he wanted his children. He

got a reply the other day that Fehr would keep the wife, and also the children, as he believed they were his anyhow.

A dramatic critic met Frank Moran one night when the wind and rain were howling and splashing and the storm was at its height. "Well, Frank," said he, "what kind of a house did you have to-night?" Frank leaned over him with an air of confidential melancholy and hoarsely whispered: "There were two umbrellas in the stand!"

**A HEADLESS MYSTERY.**

THE HORRIBLE FIND IN A SHOE-BOX UNDER A CLUMP OF BUSHES NEAR WALLINGFORD, CONN.

**WHY DID SHE SHOOT?**

THE MYSTERIOUS KILLING OF BEN BROOKS BY HIS PARAMOUR ANN OFFNER, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL OF ROMNEY, WEST VIRGINIA.



A DESPERATE CRIME.

BAGGAGE-MASTER WINCHESTER OF THE LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY AND CHICAGO RAILROAD IS SHOT BY A WOULD-BE THIEF.



A BRAVE MOTHER.

MRS. M'LAUGHLIN OF SEA ISLAND CITY, N. J., GALLANTLY SAVES THE LIVES OF HER CHILDREN.



MARSHAL JOHN CONVOY,
THE BRAVE VICTIM OF "BIG RED'S" GUN
RECENTLY LYNCHED AT DETROIT CITY, MINN.



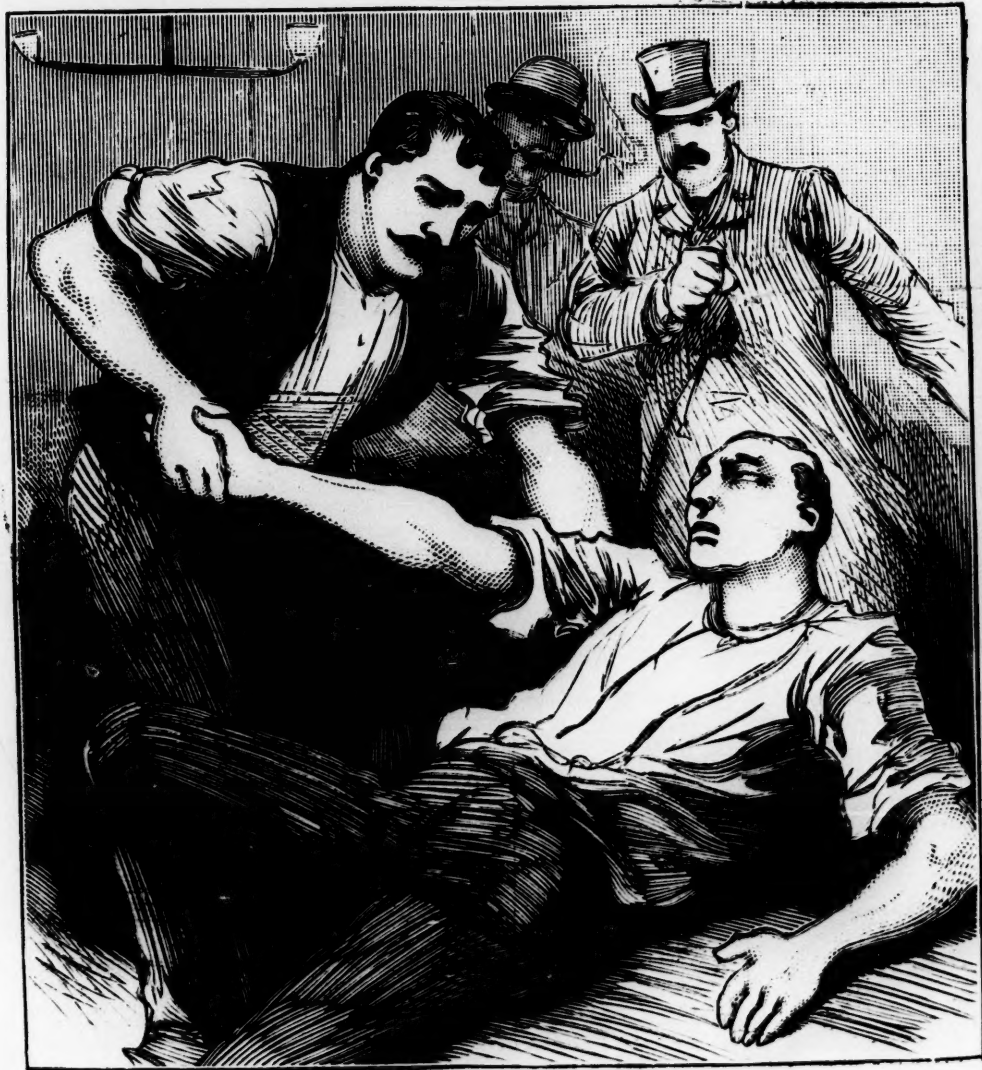
THOMAS JENKINS,
A CHICAGO HOTEL CLERK WHO SKIPPED WITH
JOCKEY WITHERS' HEADLIGHT AND BOODLE.



GEORGE RUSSELL ALIAS "WHITE PINE,"
A NOTORIOUS BUNCO SWINDLER WHO WAS
RECENTLY RAILROADED OUT OF CHICAGO, ILL.

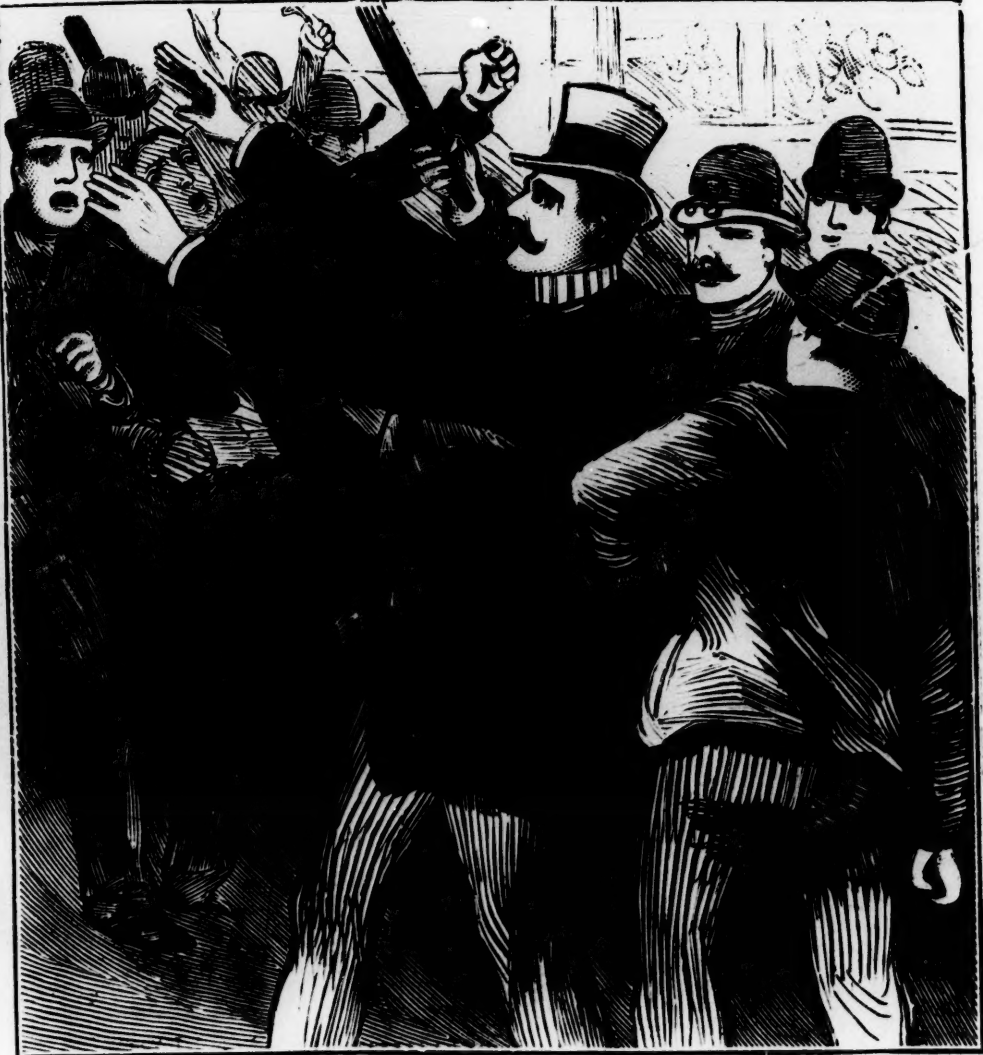


FRED PATTERSON, JR.,
A STORMVILLE, N. Y., HORSE STRALER WHO
PLAYED CONNECTICUT FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH.



PADDY WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

DUNCAN C. ROSS' UNKNOWN MEETS PADDY RYAN IN CHICAGO WITH DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES.



ANOTHER UMPIRE MOBBED.

ONE OF HENGLE'S DECISIONS AT CHARLESTON, S. C., DRAWS DOWN THE ANGER OF THE CROWD.

A CANNIBAL.

The Hideous Confession of
Alfred Packer, Recently
Convicted at Denver,
Colorado.

HIS COLD-BLOODED STORY.

Something that Beats Even the Record
of the Most Horrible Ship-
wrecks.

Alfred Packer, known as the Colorado cannibal, was placed on trial at Denver, Col., on Aug. 2. The next day Packer was placed on the witness stand and for five hours he continued his testimony. The story was most revolting, and many persons in the crowded court room were compelled to leave as Packer dwelt



Alfred Packer.

cold-bloodedly on the horrible details of his cannibalism. He is pale from his long confinement, his eyes sunken, and his long hair and cadaverous cast of countenance made his personal appearance as repugnant as his story. Several times he left the thread of his story to indulge in abuse of the prosecuting counsel and the newspaper men. His abuse and oaths could not be stopped by the interference of his counsel and the commands of the Court, and Sheriff Shores and deputies were compelled to lay violent hands upon him in order to get him quieted down; then he continued his story. This was during the cross-examination when the questions of the counsel nettled him by tangling up his testimony. The testimony was practically a confession, and it differs materially from the one which he made to Gen. Adams shortly after his first arrest. That confession was that he killed his five companions during his journey from Utah to the San Juan country in Colorado in the winter of 1873 and 1874, in order to save his own; and, that subsequently, rather than starve, he had lived for six weeks upon their bodies. Packer told in substance the following story:

My name is Alfred Packer; I have been in the mountains for many years; was in Utah in 1873;



The witness grows excited.

worked in the mines there until I became leaved (disease common to miners); then came to Salt Lake; there I worked a while in a smelter, but was still affected, and in the fall of 1873 I joined a party at Bingham Canyon for a prospecting trip to the San Juan country, in Colorado Territory. I traveled with Wm. McGrew, to whom I gave \$30 for passage, and was to work for the balance of the fare. I had \$25 left. We reached Dry Creek, near Chief Ouray's camp, in January, 1874; here the party separated, Israel Swan, George Noon, Frank Miller, James Humphreys and Shannon Wilson, Bell and myself started from Ouray's camp for the San Juan. It was cold, the snow was deep and travel difficult. We gave up our boots and tied blankets about our feet. We had to do it to keep them from freezing. Old man Swan gave out first. He was old and thin in flesh, our bread gave out on the ninth day. We had only eaten one meal a day. The last few days it was storming and blowing so we could not see a few feet before us. We were keeping up toward the summit of the hills, aiming for Los Pinos Indian Agency. Bell first gave up his moccasins, and we made one



One meal a day in a blizzard.

meal of these, boiling them. I next gave up mine, then the others. Bell had a hatchet, Noon had a gun. I carried the gun about half the time. Think we must have been out in the mountains several weeks after running out of food; the men were getting desperate and Bell seemed to be getting crazy. His eyes protruded from his head; while others complained and talked he remained silent. The men cried for salt; they did not ask for food, it was only salt, salt! We had been eating willows and rosebuds for several days having found some in the valley where Lake City now stands. We had run out of matches and carried fire with us in a coffee pot. One day we saw game; the trail was upon the mountains.

It was agreed that I should go on the trail, as I was the strongest. I took the Winchester rifle and left in the morning. In the evening I returned; I had found a bunch of rosebushes, and had a good dinner from them, but I found no game. I felt stronger. As I approached the fire I saw Miller bending over it cooking some meat. I spoke to him and he immediately rose and started for me with the hatchet. I ran back down the bluff, but fell, and while down I shot him through the side as he approached me; he fell and the hatchet dropped by me. I snatched it up and threw it at him and struck him on the head. I then went up to the camp again and found that the rest of them were dead, and discovered that the meat Miller had been cooking was flesh from Humphrey's leg.

The prisoner here took books and showed the position of each body as it lay around the fire and how



Waiting his opportunity.

he had rolled each one in his blanket and left them lying as he found them.

"I staid in camp the rest of that night," he continued, "I made my camp off a short distance, and staid there for possibly fifteen days. During the time I was crazy with hunger I cut flesh from Bell's leg and boiled it in a tin cup and ate it. It made me very sick; my



The trail is lost.

stomach was empty and weak, and I vomited very violently that night. After this I frequently ate the meat, and several times I tried to get out of the country. I would climb up a mountain, but, failing to see any hope, I would return again to camp, and again cut flesh from the limbs of the dead men and eat it. I was about forty miles from Los Pinos agency, but did

not know the exact distance. This was getting along in April.

The witness then narrated at great length how he wandered from day to day over the mountains, having a supply of human flesh along, and finally in the last days of April how he found his way to a settlement, where he was taken care of. The other points in Packer's testimony were that he kept his cannibalism and sufferings a secret. On recovering his strength he went to the Los Pinos Indian Agency and there met other members of the party. His first story to them was that he had become separated from his companions, and that he feared they had lost their lives. He afterwards confessed to Gen. Adams, who was in charge of the Indian Agency, that he had killed the men one at a time, and that he was compelled to do so in order to keep them from killing him.

He told where their last camp was, and offered to conduct Gen. Adams and a party of men to the scene. On the way to the camp Packer claimed that he was lost, and when he could not find the remains they accused him of murder and arrested him. He was placed in jail at Sagunche, from which he escaped six weeks later, and he was not rearrested until the spring of 1882, when he was located at Fort Fetterman, living under the name of John Swartz. At the conclusion of his narrative Packer said:

"I am accused of robbing the dead. Yes, I did rob the dead when I cut the flesh from the bodies, prepar-



Knocked on the head.

ing to start out over the range in search of civilization. I then took \$5 from Twain's pocket, a \$50 bill from Bell and \$10 from Miller. Here is where I did wrong. I robbed the dead, but I knew the money would do my dead comrades no good, and I, being yet alive, thought money might help to save my life. I am willing to take the blame for robbing the dead, for it was wrong."

Here the prisoner denied cutting the clothing off the dead, save two cuts on the legs from which he had cut the flesh to eat. Several witnesses have testified to the fact that the winter of 1873-74 was not an unusually severe one, and at the time of Packer's crime the mountains were full of game, which, owing to the newness of the country, was easily shot. The testimony given by Packer at this trial differs from that given at the previous trial, and there is no doubt of his conviction.

HIGHLY DRAMATIC.

A Mysterious Lady, a Lover, a Discarded Husband, a Rough-and-Tumble Fight and a Lawsuit.

About four weeks ago a lady, young and handsome, alighted from the morning passenger train on the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville Railroad, and applied at one of the leading hotels at Mount Pulaski, Ill., for board. To the people of the hotel the lady gave her name as Grace Latta, representing herself as a literary woman desiring rest and quiet repose from her arduous labors. At first the select society of the little town was inclined to look upon the fair stranger with some suspicion, but the refined and ladylike behavior of the

marriage would soon follow. What truth there is in this rumor is not known, but the fact that the young people were deeply attached to each other was patent to everybody, as they were seldom seen out of each other's society.

Matters were progressing most swimmingly when a



A meal of human flesh.

sensational incident occurred which has convulsed the town to the core. The other morning Miss Latta, as usual, accompanied Mr. Scroggin to his place of business, which obliged them to pass the Scroggin hotel. In front of the hotel talking to another gentleman was seated a tall, dark stranger, attired in light clothes and a rakish slouch hat, and as Miss Latta and her escort passed by he carelessly raised his eyes, and as he met the glance of the former he seemed suddenly taken with a palsy, and remarked to his companion:

"My God! that is my wife."

The object of this exclamation in the meantime proceeded as far as the next corner, where she excused herself and returned immediately to the Scroggin hotel, where she met her reputed husband. The two passed into the hotel parlors, where they remained in consultation an hour or more, after which the lady returned to her boarding house. Shortly after this a correspondent met the tall, dark gentleman, who gave his name as Harry C. Frese, of New York city. He has been engaged in the theatrical and show business as advance agent, and it was in this duty that he was called to Mount Pulaski.

In a long conversation with the correspondent he gave an account of his marital difficulties with the woman, whom he says he had not seen for two years until the meeting in Mount Pulaski, which, he added, was entirely unexpected. The substance of the above conversation Frese repeated during the day to various people in town, and it finally reached the ears of young Scroggin, with elaborate embellishments, of course. It was alleged that Frese had stated that Scroggin had been criminally intimate with his wife, whereupon Scroggin went to the hotel last night and demanded of Frese his authority for such statements. Frese declined to answer this demand, at which Scroggin struck him, and in a moment the two men were rolling on the ground. Young Scroggin had the



He takes \$50 from Twain's pocket.

apparent advantage in the fight that ensued, and soon had his opponent crying lustily for help. It was some minutes before the combatants could be separated. Frese was taken to his room, and at the first cursory examination appeared to have suffered no very great injury beyond a sprained wrist. Later, during the night, he was taken with severe fits, which were thought to be the result of internal injuries. Next morning prominent lawyer was summoned from Lincoln by direction of Frese for the reputed purpose of bringing a suit for damages against Scroggin. The affair has created a tremendous sensation. The alleged wife still remains quietly at her boarding place, and has nothing to say in regard to the matter further than that she does not deny having married Frese, but that she obtained a separation from him over two years ago. These proofs, she claims, will be forthcoming at the proper time, but she does not propose to gratify public curiosity by showing them now.

SEVENTY AND SEVEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our Greensburg, Ky., correspondent writes us: Some three weeks since Susan Bishop, wife of Clerk Bishop of Greensburg, Ky., died; two weeks later he obtained a license from the Circuit Clerk of Green county, to be married to Miss Rella Boston, whose age he gave as 21. It was afterwards ascertained that she was but 7, and that he had taken the license to a preacher, and told him the clerk said the marriage was lawful and was married. He was indicted by the Grand Jury then in session, who had the child examined and found she had been mistreated. He is now in jail at Greensburg under an indictment for rape, the punishment of which is death or life imprisonment. The preacher is also under arrest.

THEY HAD HIM

How a New York Broker Was Taken In and Done For.

LARKS AT THE SEA.

A Narrow Escape From a Real and Scandalous Disaster.

Down on the Jersey shore is a hotel that attracts a good many New Yorkers in the summer season. Philadelphia go there in numbers. Last Saturday two youthful and unmarried members of the Stock Exchange ran down to spend the Sabbath there. Saturday night at a summer hotel, of course, must have its dancing party, and that sort of festivity was at its height when the brave brokers arrived. Before many minutes went by one of the young men discovered a young lady with sparkling eyes who seemed lovely. She met his ardent glances, he thought, approvingly, and with all the hardihood that was needed he bowed himself within conversational distance and ventured to suggest that the chance to dance with her as his partner would make him a perfectly happy mortal.

"Not just now," she said, with a smile. "I am obliged to go to the piazza for a moment."

And she flitted away; he awaited her return confident and happy. In about one minute she appeared, returning through the wide front doorway, but she wasn't alone; two escorts, both men of satisfactory size, loomed up by her side. Wrath was on both male faces; the young woman was still all smiles, and those eyes of hers sparkled yet more brightly than ever as she met the gaze of the broker again. That gallant made bold to advance; he was met half way. It wasn't the fair damsel that met him; it was the bigger, the burlier of her two escorts, saying this:

"I have something to settle with you, sir!"

The broker almost tumbled over at the rudeness.

"What—" he began.

It looked a little as if then and there the exclusive hotel was going to have a scene of liveliness. The broker's unfinished sentence, the scowl of the other man were attracting attention.

"Come outside!" demanded the wrathful man.

The broker did just as he was ordered. Out on the piazza he was treated to an experience that fairly filled him with despair. That big, burly man said he was the brother of the young woman who had been "insulted," and he proposed to make an example of the presumptuous broker.

"I'm going to thrash you and then give the story of it to the newspapers."

This was his inspiring assurance. He looked as if he meant it. The broker's trembling was pronounced. Poor fellow—all the light suddenly seemed bowled out of life. He went to pieces; he actually pleaded for mercy, said he was willing to apologize, willing to do anything—only he did want the affair kept out of the newspapers. Wouldn't the gentleman please be merciful; he really had not meant to be rude.

The wrathful gentleman was merciful; he accepted \$125—all the cash that broker had in hand—to hush the matter up. On Monday the broker turned up in Wall street, firmly convinced that that exclusive hotel was in the hands of blackmailers; it wasn't till he got back to business that he confessed, even to the friend who had accompanied him, the sad experience he had encountered. When he did confess his soul was not much relieved.

The friend was convulsed with laughter, but he said not a word till yesterday; then at a lunch to which the unfortunate broker was invited, along with two or three other brokers, a yellow envelope was produced. In the envelope was \$120—the very bill that the unfortunate had parted with—and the unfortunate learned, amid roars and roars of laughter at his expense, that the settlement on the piazza was "all a practical joke," that the young woman was a Philadelphia girl, and her vaillant escorts were from the same town, all friends of the wicked broker friend who had with malice aforethought sacrificed his bosom chum so relentlessly. It took some wine to wipe out the memory of the episode, and it will probably take a good deal longer for the brokers who have heard the story to forget to mention it. Flirting is expensive and perilous sometimes.

A MYSTERIOUS ASSASSINATION.

About 10 o'clock on the evening of Aug. 3 G. C. Haddock, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Sioux City, Iowa, was waylaid by assassins and shot at the corner of Fourth and Water streets. The bullet entered the neck on the left side, severing the jugular vein, and passed out on the other side. The reverend gentleman staggered a few steps and fell into the gutter, dying in a few minutes. There were three or four persons with the one who fired the shot, and all quickly disappeared in the darkness, and no arrests have been made. The causes leading to the shooting are prosecutions against saloon-keepers recently inaugurated, in which Rev. Mr. Haddock was a leader. Up to within a short time there had been no movement against the saloons, and it was thought by the liquor element that none would be made, and the recent move in that direction caused consternation and alarm among them. The most respectable of them accepted the situation and recognized the hopelessness of resistance if an organized movement was made against them. Some of the lower classes manifested an ugly spirit, and it is said threats were made against the leaders in the prosecutions. This feeling was intensified when, a few days ago, proceedings were opened in the District Court against about fifty saloons. Rev. Mr. Haddock was the principal witness and was very active in procuring evidence, and was on the stand daily testifying in different cases.

Open threats had been made against him, and many thought he was unnecessarily exposing himself, but he laughed at the fears of his friends and went boldly on with the work he had set out to accomplish, not seeming to have any fear of violence. The fatal evening

he secured a buggy at Merrill's livery stable, and, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the West Side Methodist Episcopal church, went to Greenville, a suburb, where a saloon or two were in operation. He returned about 10 o'clock, leaving Turner at home, and took the buggy back to the barn alone. He then started for home, and when only a short distance from the stable, and while crossing Water street in the full glare of a street lamp and electric light, he was approached by three or four men, one of whom fired the fatal shot. Rain was falling at the time, and the assassins disappeared in the darkness without being recognized.

The affair has caused a deep feeling of indignation in the community, and all law-abiding citizens denounce the dastardly crime in unmeasured terms.

A coroner's inquest is now proceeding with closed doors, and it is thought some sensational developments will be made before its conclusion.

PADDY RYAN'S VICTORY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Paddy Ryan, accompanied by a prominent business man, entered "The Store," Chicago, Ill., at about 9 o'clock the other evening, held out his hand to "Parson" Davies, and said:

"Let's be friends."

Mr. Davies accepted the proffered hand, shook it warmly, and said something about a yellow label to the bartender. It was the first time in two years the two men had crossed palms. While they were toasting their renewed friendship, Duncan C. Ross, the athlete and swordsman, entered the place. With him was a large, stalwart young man whom he introduced as "Mr. Harrison, of Canada." The new comers were informed of the friendly celebration, and were invited to join in the festivities. They did so, and numerous other friends came in and joined them. Finally, when the glasses had been sparkling for some time, Ross started the party, about thirty in number, by proclaiming in a loud, aggressive tone that he had an unknown, a raw, green man from Canada, who could "lick" anybody in Chicago, bar nobody, for \$2,000 a side, and that he would put up \$1,000 forfeit then and there.

"Will you let me in on that?" eagerly asked Ryan.

"Yes; you or anybody else," replied the brawny Ross.

"I'll take that. I can lick any man in the world," said Ryan. "How is it, Davies, does it go?"

"Well," said Davies, "I don't know any unknown in Canada that can fight any good man, and I'll back you, Paddy, if you'll fight him."

More wine and talk followed, and eventually the money was put up in the hands of the editor of a sporting journal, Mr. Davies and Ross each producing \$1,000 as a forfeit, with the agreement that the additional \$1,000 was to be forthcoming at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time Ross was to declare his unknown, and the fight is to come off, with or without gloves, at an early day.

The money posted, the wine flowed more freely than before. Ross finally left the place, leaving his friend Harrison behind. Almost immediately Ryan turned to Harrison and asked threateningly:

"Are you the unknown?"

"I won't say whether I am or not, but I can fight," Harrison replied boldly.

The two men wanted to fight where they stood, but Mr. Davies interfered, and suggested that they adjourn to an alley. Both men expressed a willingness to fight it out on the sidewalk. Seeing that they were determined to come together, Mr. Davies volunteered to find them a place. They accepted the offer after Harrison had received assurance from Davies that he should have fair play. They repaired to a neighboring alley, where a solitary gaslight faintly illuminated the place. They were accompanied by eight friends of Mr. Davies. The eight men formed a ring, and Ryan and Harrison threw off their coats, and at the call of "Time!" sailed in with bare knuckles. They went at it tooth and toe, rough and tumble. Up and down, first one and then the other on top, the two giants hammered away at each other, while the eight spectators remained absolutely silent so as not to attract the attention of the police.

For more than a minute the strange battle was kept up with a fierceness that knew no restrictions, when Harrison uttered the first word spoken by either of them after the fight began. That word was "Enough!"

At that time he was prone upon his back and Ryan was astride him, and had his arms pinioned down beneath his knees, while he was raining blows into the Canadian's face.

When Harrison cried "Enough," Ryan jumped up lightly and helped his fallen foe to his feet. Harrison's right eye was closed, but he said that he was perfectly satisfied, as everything had been perfectly square and he had been given an even chance. The Trojan received the congratulations of the eight spectators. The party then returned to "The Store," and Paddy's victory was celebrated in due form. It is believed that Harrison is the unknown on whom Ross posted so large a forfeit.

TWO SHOTS AT A WITNESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ada Shannon, or Lansing, the girl who testified against the defendant in Capt. Brinckerhoff's divorce suit in Poughkeepsie, and who suddenly disappeared from that city, came to Newburgh and took a room at 294 Montgomery street. August 20, she went to a picnic, and returned to her room about midnight. While sitting at a window she was shot at twice and hit in the forehead with a big stone. She told City Marshal Maher that the man who shot at her was Henry Baum of Fishkill, an acquaintance. She said that she saw Baum from her window walking up and down with a revolver in his hand, and that after he had thrown the stone at her he shot at her twice in rapid succession. One of the bullets made a furrow in her cheek. A warrant was received from Poughkeepsie for her arrest after the shooting, and the city has been searched all day for her without success. She is wanted in connection with further Brinckerhoff proceedings, and it is believed she has gone to Port Jervis, where she formerly lived.

POLICE OFFICERS BEATEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Lieut. Foster, chief of police at Pittsburgh, Pa., clerk Thomas Whitin, and Officer Carr were seriously injured on the night of August 30, while making a raid on a disorderly house on Second avenue kept by a man named Carlisle. Carlisle and his family beat off the officers with pokers until relief came. Whitin and Foster were removed to the hospital in a precarious condition.

THE POLICE TOOK THE POT.

Some Excellent Hands Held in a Poker Game at Long Branch.

A poker story is laughed over in all the New York clubs. The action of the narrative is located in Phil Daly's gambling house at Long Branch, and the time was just two minutes before the "boy detective" and his cohort of policemen burst through the window and proceeded to gather the players and playaces. Of the 15 men who were running the principal poker game, three were New Yorkers of wealth, and one is a well-known stock broker, who owns a yacht and is an officer of the New York Yacht Club. The three New Yorkers and three friends sat down to a quiet little game of \$25 limit on the night in question. They had carefully fostered a jack pot for five rounds, when just before the police arrived the yacht owner silently placed a green chip on the little heap of ivory, signifying that he opened it for \$25—the limit.

"I'm in," indifferently remarked a second New Yorker, putting up the needed.

"Me, too," said the third Gothamite, who was the funny man always found in poker games, as he threw out the necessary chip.

Two of the remaining three in the game joined in, then the last man made everybody sit up very straight and looking alive by "seeing" the opener, and saying: "I'll lift you just another twenty-five."

"See you and go you another," eagerly remarked the man who had opened it. This made every man think the opener was too eager by half, and that he was bluffing; so they all looked knowing and came in. The pot, according to the nearest calculation now obtainable, had something like \$472 in it.

"I'm pat," softly said the opener, when the draw commenced. The dealer looked derisively at him, and, being the funny man referred to, remarked persuasively: "Now hadn't you better take a few?"

Then one man drew two cards, another man one, another three, another two, while the sixth, the man who had performed the enlivening feat of "raising it back," stood pat.

"I'll try \$10," carelessly said the opener after seeming to study his hand. This caused a wicked laugh among his companions.

"I'll see you and go you—"

The bet was never finished, for at this precise juncture the police burst into the room like a tornado. The lights went out in a flash, and, struggling and swearing, the wealthy men abandoned chips and games in the desperate struggle to escape. The greater part of the mob had got out, when one light shed a dim luster on the disordered room. Phil Daly quickly saw the three New Yorkers in the grip of the legal minions. Then it was that he made a deliberate assault on the officers, and, aided by his servants, succeeded in releasing the three millionaires, who promptly fled.

The trio of friends soon gathered in the apartments of one of their number and exchanged notes. All were minus hats. One had a very red eye, warranted to turn black in a few hours, while another's coat was torn up the back. This latter was the yacht owner.

"What a confounded ploy the police came just then," remarked the rash man who had "raised" the pot.

"Boys, I had you dead on that hand. The pot was mine, for I held three aces and two kings."

"Mine was four little deuces, my friend," exclaimed the second, with a triumphant laugh. "I drew three cards to the pair and made it."

The yacht owner, who had been gazing at the two with a weary sort of a look, then said, "Where are your hands, gentlemen?"

"Where are our hands? Why, man, do you suppose we could hold on to cards in a shindy like that?"

"Well, I got hit with a chair, knocked down twice, and rolled around on the floor with three or four men on top of me and I kept my cards," calmly remarked the yacht owner. "There was only one other thing that I thought of."

"What was that?"

"I thought how d—d lucky it was for you fellows the police came when they did—"

And he laid down five ragged and twisted cards, which his two companions eagerly seized and smoothed out in a row on the table.

It was a diamond straight flush, king high, and everybody agreed that it was no wonder the yacht owner clung to it through the whole of the exciting riot. But it didn't win the pot. The yacht owner says the police got that.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Amateur photography has taken quite a hold among the women of Chicago," said a professional. "There's a class of about twenty girls who place themselves under Professor Nicol's charge and go out to the suburbs once a week making views. Nicol is a splendid teacher, and some of his pupils are doing good work. There's another feature of this amateur photographing craze, though, that is even more interesting. I mean the temptation there is in a house where there are two or three girls and a camera to do something original. When girls are in love with their own left shoulders, as Kathia was, or the shape of their arms or of their feet, they are very apt to steal up into the garret, where there is a good deal of light and privacy, and enjoy themelves at picture-making, one posing while the other manipulates the camera. A young lady friend of mine came to me the other day with the photograph of a pair of feet, which she laughingly said were her own, but she had nerve to make the admission, for those feet were fearful and wonderful to behold. As a matter of fact, the young lady had very pretty feet, but they were spoiled by the lack of skill on the part of the operator."

"My wife is an amateur of considerable reputation among her lady friends. They know that I have given her instruction, and so they go to her for advice. She tells me that private posing is all the rage, and that there are some very pretty pictures floating about among girl chums. This is dangerous work, though, and I know of several cases where families heretofore friendly have been plunged into deadly feuds on account of these photographs and incautious exhibition of them to other people. I could tell you a very good story if I dared, about a love match which was broken off in this way. Without mentioning any names, a young lady living on Michigan avenue was engaged to a very estimable gentleman. A friend of hers was also an admirer of the same man, and was not a little discomfited when she heard of the engagement. But she neither broke her heart nor quarreled with her rival. She became an amateur photographer, invited the girl to pose for her, secured a negative just to her liking, and then plotted to have a friend of hers show it to the young man. Her little game worked to

a charm. The picture was not improper at all, only a little indelicate, but engaged young men are proverbially particular about their fiancée's conduct, and this one was no exception to the rule. In two days the engagement was at an end. The fair schemer is now living in hope, while the victim is crying her eyes out and trying to ascertain the cause of her whiffling lover's fickleness."

POODLE AND PEANUT STAND.

How a Young Lady Lost Her Pet Dog and Her Temper.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A nicely dressed young lady of about eighteen summers and a yellow dog walked leisurely down Howard street the other morning, says the Baltimore Herald. The dog had a blue ribbon around his neck, the other end of which was tied to the lady's right wrist. The dog was about four feet ahead of the lady. She was a pretty lady. She didn't have a freckle on her face nor a wart on her nose, nor a piece of black court plaster on her cheeks. She was what a Charles street dude would call a "daisy" or a "lab-de-dab."

The dog wasn't pretty. He was a vicious-looking cur, and apparently of that species that a father would let loose upon a young man whom he didn't want to come a courtn' at his house. When the pair got to Lexington street the lady wanted to cross the street, but the dog wanted to go eastward on the north side of Lexington street. Then there was a cont at which attracted a large crowd and caused considerable amusement. The dog held his way so persistently that the lady couldn't unloose the ribbon from her wrist, and as they turned the corner both struck against the Italian peanut man and buried him up against his little street store.

As the Italian struck the stand it was upset and the falling woodwork struck an old lady passing. Then there was a mixture of old lady, dog, young woman, Italian oaths, bananas and peanuts and lots of mirth for those who witnessed the scene. Finally a small boy, by cutting the ribbon, parted the lady and the dog. The lady arranged her bustle and got into a car going north. She didn't whistle for the dog and he went off down Lexington street, crashing into everything he met until he was captured in the net of a colored dog catcher. The cur is dead, but when the lady goes out promenading again there will be no dog in the procession.

RIOT AT A FUNERAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Saturday week afternoon the body of Willie Gleason, a six-year-old boy who was drowned recently in Michigan, was taken to Calvary Cemetery, Chicago, for burial. The funeral was from the widowed mother's residence, No. 234 Loomis street, and was accompanied by over one hundred persons. Mrs. Gleason owns a lot in Calvary, and it was her desire to bury her son by the side of her husband. Daniel Gleason and James McNichols, brother-in-law and brother of the widow, respectively, had charge of the funeral arrangements. Arrived at the cemetery they discovered that they had neglected to take along the deed of the lot. Superintendent Guinea declined to permit the interment unless the deed was first produced, and called the police, it is said, to eject the party. He armed himself with a shotgun and a panic ensued among the mourners. Two of the women fainted and a stampede ensued. The gun was discharged but no person was shot. It is stated by persons of the funeral party that Guinea threatened to fire into the crowd, and that when he presented the gun James McNichols knocked it from his hands, thus discharging it. The superintendent's son was armed with a horse pistol. It went off during the excitement and one of the mourners sustained a slight flesh wound in the leg. The elder Guinea was then roughly handled by the crowd. The body was taken to the vault and placed there temporarily while the friends went in search of a warrant for Guinea's arrest. Guinea created a scene on Decoration Day, causing him to be made the subject of free newspaper comment.

THE WILD WEST.

[With Portraits.]

Our back page this week is an admirable portrait group of the gallant Western Americans who make up the wonderful combination known as Buffalo Bill's "Wild West."

THE IRISH LACROSSE TEAM.

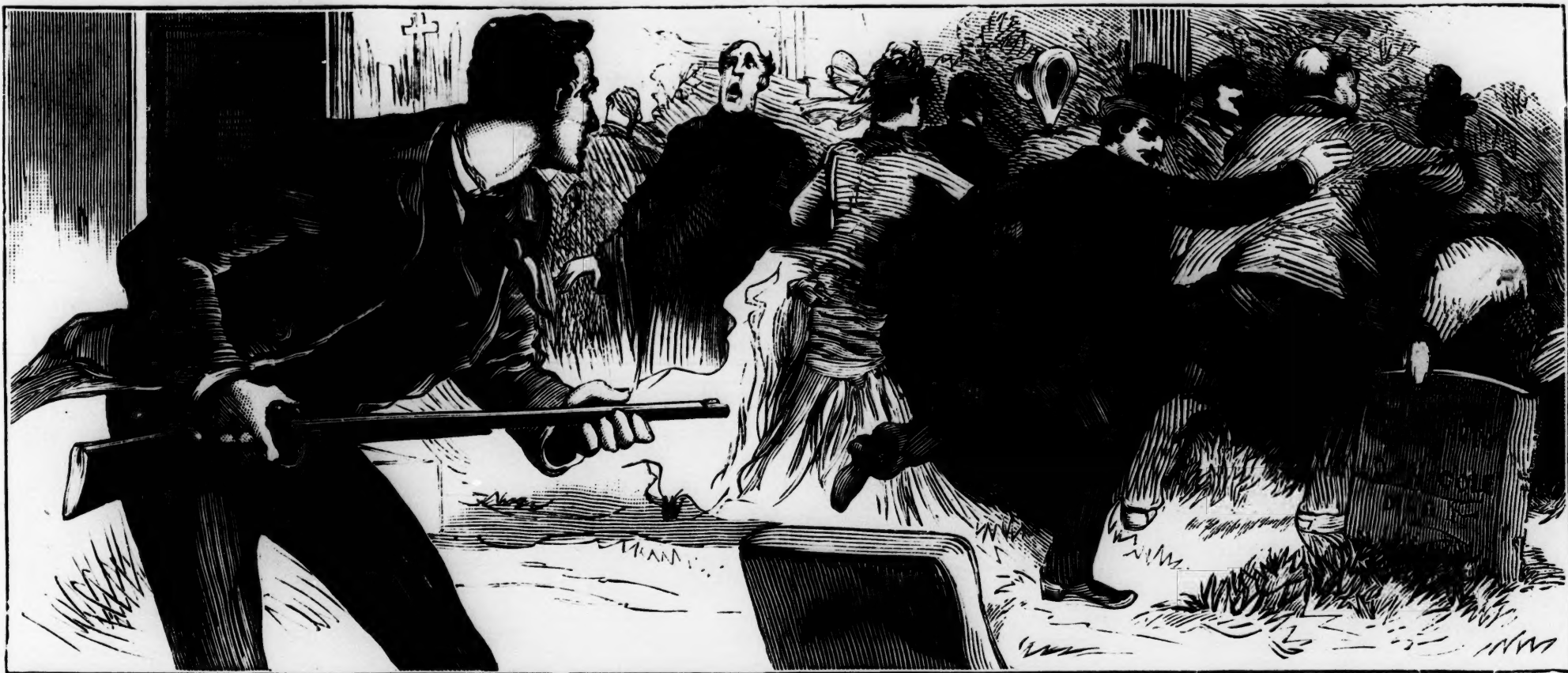
[With Portraits.]

A sketch of the members of the Irish Lacrosse Team (who are portrayed on another page of this paper) will be found in our sporting columns.

AN EAST BOSTON WOMAN DRAWS A \$15,000 PRIZE.

An item was published in one of our daily papers the other day, stating that a married woman in East Boston had drawn \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, and in order to ascertain the facts, our reporter made a trip to the Island Ward on Wednesday last. Upon inquiry he found that the fortunate person was Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, living at 208 Princeton street. The lady when called upon was rather reticent at first, because, as she explained afterwards, she had so many visitors making idle inquiries about her money that she had determined to say nothing more about it. She was pleased to acknowledge, however, that the story was true. She received notice of her good luck soon after the drawing, which took place at New Orleans on the 13th instant, and has now got the \$15,000 through the Adams Express Company. She held one-fifth of ticket No. 81,375 which drew the first capital prize of \$75,000. Mrs. Holmes is a woman of between fifty and sixty years of age, the wife of a ship caulker, and the mother of three or four grown up children. The family evidently had to live on a slender income, and this wind-fall of \$15,000 is a fortune to them. The old lady is very much elated over her good luck, and she says the family will now be able to enjoy some luxuries which for many years they had to do without. She has been buying tickets for some time past, when she had a dollar to spare, and feels she is well rewarded. From all appearance, Mrs. Holmes is a thrifty housewife, and there is no doubt the money will be put to a good use. It is unnecessary to say that her good luck has caused quite a sensation among the East Boston folks.—Boston (Mass.) Commercial and Shipping List, July 30.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.



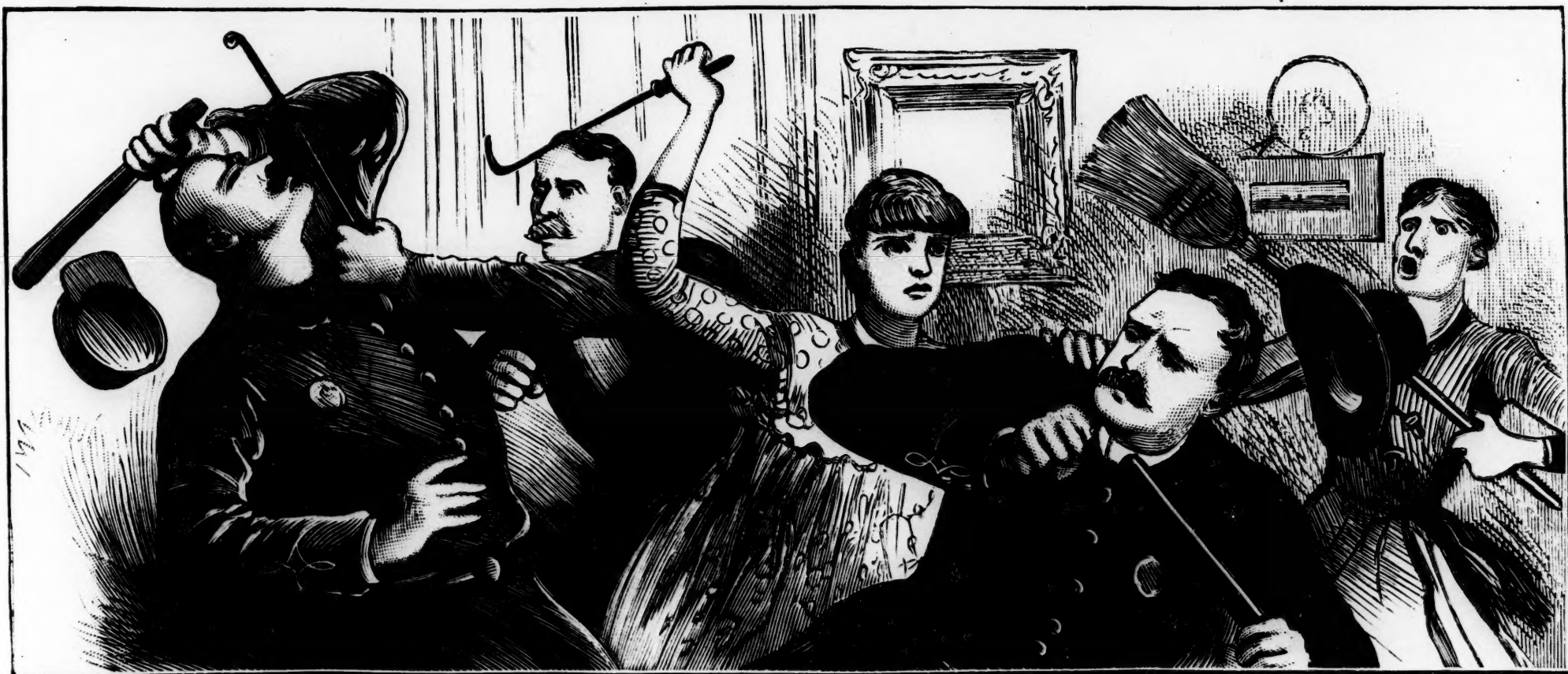
A FUNERAL RIOT.

SUPERINTENDENT GUINEA OF CALVARY CEMETERY, CHICAGO, DRAWS A GUN ON A GROUP OF MOURNERS WHO HAD FORGOTTEN TO BRING THE DEED OF THEIR LOT.



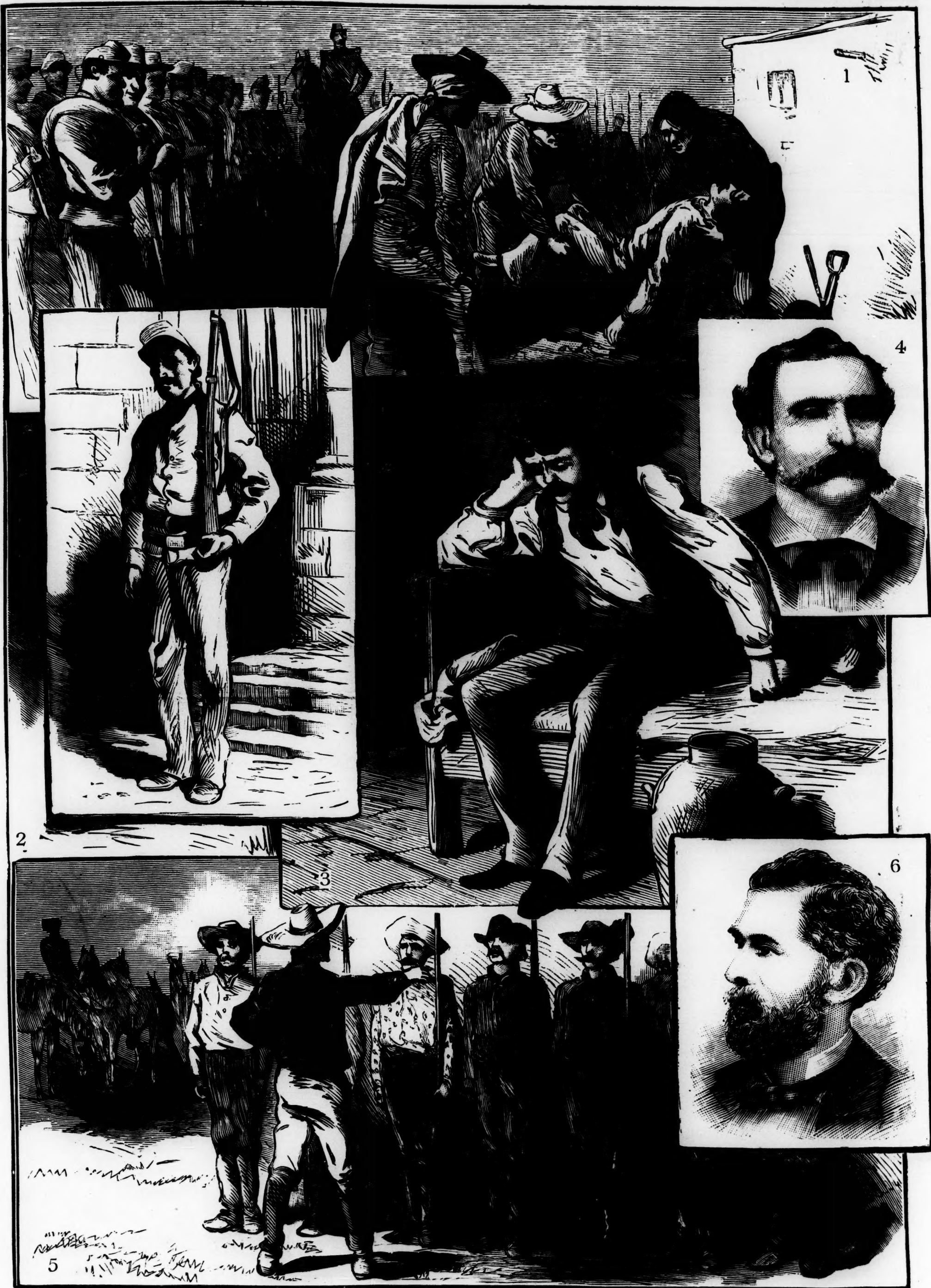
THE IRISH LACROSSE TEAM.

A FAMOUS GROUP OF BELFAST ATHLETES WHO ARE NOW ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY TO CONTEST IN A SERIES OF MATCHES.



BEATING OFF RAIDERS.

LIEUTENANT FOSTER AND A POSSE AT PITTSBURG, PA., ARE REPULSED AND SEVERELY INJURED BY THE INMATES OF A DISORDERLY HOUSE.



MURDEROUS MEXICAN GREASERS.

THE BARBARIC AND INHUMAN TREATMENT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.

I.—The Brutal Burial of Francisco Rasures. II.—Guarding the Greaser Dungeon. III.—Editor Cutting Imprisoned in a Mexican Cell. IV.—Portrait of Cutting. V.—Texan Cowboys Drilling for War. VI.—Portrait of Governor Ireland of Texas.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

The glove contest between Frank Herald and Jim Glynn is off until after Herald meets Sullivan.

The glove contest between Sullivan and Herald will decide just how good Herald is and whether Sullivan can gallop as he could a year or two ago.

After weeks of challenging and counter-challenging between the backers of John L. Sullivan and Frank Herald, arrangements were completed at the Police Gazette office for the gigantic exhibition of the battle arena to meet face to face in the orthodox 24-foot ring. The match between these prominent fight heroes was arranged by Edward F. Mallahan, Frank Herald's backer, and Wm. Bennett, the backer and side partner of the champion. Articles of agreement were signed for Sullivan and Herald to box six rounds, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The match is to be decided at Schutzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., on Aug. 28. The referee, timekeepers and judges are to be selected by the backers of the principals on the ground. Sullivan has been training for the past two weeks, and by Aug. 28 he expects to be in first-class condition. Herald will make Larry P. Mallahan's sporting house, 519 Lexington avenue, New York, his headquarters for a few days; then he will go into special training at a well-known resort by the sea shore. The announcement that this great match has been ratified, will, no doubt, create quite a sensation among sporting circles throughout the country, for both men have a host of admirers. Herald has been classed by thorough and competent judges, as the best man in America outside of the champion, and there has been a general desire among the sporting community to see them meet face to face in the arena. Herald is not only a clever, scientific boxer, but a terrific hitter, and he is confident that Sullivan cannot defeat him. He has been successful in his last two essays, gaining a victory over Jim Cannon, the champion of the coal regions, and another over Mike C. Conley of Ulen, who boldly put up \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and challenged any man in America to fight for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side. Herald knocked Cannon out in 23 seconds, and conquered Conley in 1 minute 25 seconds, and it was by these victories and the refusal of Jack Burke, Charley Mitchell, and Dominick McAffrey to meet him, that gave him his present pugilistic standing. Sullivan every one knows is the most wonderful pugilist that ever stood in the ring, his success has been unprecedented in the annals of the prize ring. He has met all comers from both hemispheres and defeated them. It is the general opinion that Herald out-ranks all of Sullivan's previous opponents, consequently the coming contest will be one of interest. We have no hesitation in stating that Sullivan will find Herald the best man he has ever met. Herald is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 10½ inches and weighs, trained, 150 pounds. Sullivan is 28 years of age stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and trained weighs 155 pounds. Sullivan is the most muscular and probably the strongest of the two.

There is every prospect of an important prize-ring encounter being arranged between Joe Ellingsworth, the well-known middle weight of this city, and Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia. The latter's backer some time ago posted \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge offering to match Jack Fogarty against any middle weight in America, except Dempsey, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. At the time the deft was published in the Police Gazette many supposed it was a feeder—to use the vernacular—to bring out Joe Ellingsworth; but no reply was made to the deft. The other day Patrick Riley, well known in sporting circles in this city, with Joe Ellingsworth called at the Police Gazette office, posted \$250 forfeit to cover the \$250 Fogarty's backer recently posted, and left the following business-like challenge.

New York, August 5, 1886.

Sporting Editor:

I accept the challenge of Jack Fogarty of Philadelphia, to fight according to Queensberry or London prize ring rules to a finish, with small gloves for \$1,000 a side. To prove I am in earnest, P. Riley my backer deposits \$250 to cover the same amount posted by Gus Tuthill, Mr. Fogarty's backer. I will meet Gus Tuthill at the Police Gazette office any day he may name, to sign articles of agreement. I propose to fight in a 24-foot ring, according to the Marquis of Queensberry or London prize ring rules, six weeks from signing articles, for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,500 which is guaranteed. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, and the contest to be decided with a limited number of spectators on each side. If Fogarty and his backer mean business they will notify me when to meet them to arrange the match.

JOE ELLINGSWORTH.

After we received Ellingsworth's declaration of war, Gus Tuthill, Fogarty's backer, was notified that the backer of Ellingsworth had posted \$250 forfeit and was ready to arrange a match. Tuthill at once called at this office and instructed us to notify Ellingsworth that he would meet him at 10 A. M. on August 7, to settle all preliminaries. As soon as these facts were made known, the announcement that Ellingsworth and Fogarty were to arrange a match for \$2,000 created quite a sensation among sporting circles in this city, and a tremendous crowd filled the sporting rooms of the Police Gazette building to witness the rival champion middle-weights arrange a match. Ellingsworth was early on hand eager and anxious to arrange the preliminaries, but Pat Riley his backer, who is up in Hudson, telegraphed to wait until Monday, when he would be down ready to arrange the match. Gus Tuthill on hand and said he would make the match for as large an amount as Pat Riley, Ellingsworth's backer, desired. It was then agreed to meet at the Police Gazette office Monday August 10, when articles of agreement will be signed for the men to meet. Both men have \$250 a side posted, and the match is just as good as arranged.

When Tom Cleary returned to San Francisco from New York with Jack Dempsey it was said that he had improved wonderfully and was almost as good a man as the little Sullivan. The Pacific Coast sports were anxious to see him again in the ring, and Martin Costello, better known as "Buffalo," was picked out to try his mettle. An athletic club offered a purse of \$1,000 for them to fight for, on condition that only members should witness the mill. This Cleary would not agree to, as he thought the amount was too small, and talked about \$5,000 being the proper caper. The club, dropped the matter, but a fight was arranged for \$250 a side and all gate receipts. The time was fixed for July 24, at Neptune Gardens, Alameda, but the authorities got wind of what was going on and sent word that it could not take place. On July 26 other arrangements were made, and it soon leaked out that the men might meet at any moment. Mike Smith's saloon on Market street, San Francisco, was besieged by individuals eager to get the right tip, but the favored ones were few in number, and had to put up \$10 for a big green ticket before the information was given as to where the mill was to be decided. They were then informed that the fight would be decided in the Oakland theatre, Alameda. A large crowd crossed the river and soon reached the trying place. A ring 16x16 had been pitched in the orchestra. Seats arranged before the footlights and in the boxes comfortably accommodated the spectators, who numbered about 100. Buffalo was on hand early, but Cleary did not arrive until half past 7. The gate receipts were counted up and aggregated \$520. This sum, with \$500 stakes was deposited with the state holder, a prominent theatrical man, and then the men stripped. Denny Haley was appointed referee, Denny Costigan and Charley Taylor seconded Cleary and Martin Murphy and Bill Delany handled Buffalo. The gloves were just an improvement on kido. Both men were in prime condition, and a long hard battle was anticipated. The betting was in favor of Cleary. The mill commenced with careful sparring for fully a minute, when Buffalo let out with his left, sparring Cleary lightly in the stomach. An exchange of blows, which did very little damage, ended in a clinch. Buffalo went to the floor once, but more from a slip than a blow. Cleary then began to fight wickedly, using his right hand, but he failed to reach his mark. Buffalo was hitting straight out and butting Cleary with his head and shoulder every chance he got. When Cleary went to his corner he showed a long white streak of bruised flesh on the left side where Costello had caught and rasped him with his wrist bone. When time was called for the second round there was some confusion on the stage, caused by Capt. Thomas, of the Oakland police, who had gained ingress through a trap-door, unperceived, shouting out: "Gentlemen, this fight can't go on." No heed was paid to the warning, however, and Cleary and Buffalo rushed at each other ferociously. A clinch followed a right-hander that hit Costello in the throat. Haley separated the men, but before they were clear the Buffalo got in an upper

cut that took the skin from Cleary's body, from waist to breastbone. The pain and shock made Cleary groggy, and although he fought like a tiger, a blow in the neck sent him to his knees. He had hardly arisen when he went down again to a smasher in the mouth. Up again he rushed at the Buffalo and clinched. The men wrestled and delivered half-arm blows for a minute before they could be separated. Cleary's legs were trembling, and it was evident that he was done for. Costello followed him to his corner, and, with a right-hander that caused blood to gush from the side of Cleary's face, knocked his opponent down. Cleary rolled over on his back, struggled to get up, but fell back a whipped man. The fight was given to Buffalo. His backer, a Marysville sport, rushed into the ring, hugged him like a baby and kissed him on both cheeks. The excitement was so intense that for the time being all had forgotten the fact that the theatre was in the hands of the police. Groups stood about discussing the battle while Cleary and Costello were dragging in the private boxes. Finally a party headed by the manager of a San Francisco theatre walked leisurely to the front door, and essayed to pass out. "No you don't, gentlemen," said Sheriff Hale, as he placed his back against the portal. "Captain Thomas has got something to say to you." "You are all under arrest," said the Chief, "but you can take your choice, either put up \$20 bail here or walk down to the city prison with me." The announcement struck terror into the assembly, and other doors were sought only to find them guarded by a blue-coat. The "praying hands" had first taken the alarm, and headed by their leader, a guileless youth who came to California with Barrett's circus, climbed up in the wings and dropped out into back yards through convenient windows. "It was a trifle over thirty feet," said the leader a half hour later, as he scraped some garbage from his Spring overcoat. "I didn't break any bones, but my legs feel a trifle dicky." Two ex-Sheriffs, an ex-District Attorney and a prominent candidate for Congress from the Fifth District took chances in a high jump, and made a semi-success of the feat. The attorney's coat got caught in a nail and was split from tail to collar, and the aspirant for Congressional honors fell on his head and smashed his Derby. A Kearney street cigar dealer climbed down a trap door and got lost in the dark recesses of the basement. He crawled into daylight at noon, a sorry looking object. A few of the spectators put up their 20 pieces in preference to marching through Oakland to jail. One of the number was a saloon-keeper distinguished for his elegance in dress. He spent the remainder of the day in a vain endeavor to recover his "gilpin," as he called it.

The following are the full particulars of the great battle between Jack Dempsey and Enoch Taylor, fought in a barn at Hamilton, Ontario, recently. Dempsey formerly hailed from San Francisco, and now resides at Detroit is five feet 6 inches high, and weighs about 130 pounds; Dempsey is the man who fought with Harry Gilmore near Detroit early this year and was badly beaten by the redoubtable Canadian light-weight champion. Taylor is a native of England, 22 years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 119 pounds. The battle was with two-ounce gloves Queensberry rules. It was a ten-round battle. The principals were Jack Dempsey, of Detroit, and Enoch Taylor, of Hamilton.

Both men went into the fight handicapped—Dempsey with a stiff right arm, one of the lower bones having been broken in a fight some six weeks ago; and Taylor, by lack of training. Shortly before the fight began, Taylor said to a reporter: "I haven't had half an hour's training for this fight. My brother is the only person in Hamilton that I care to spar with for practice, and I haven't been able to practice with him on account of an accident that happened his hand two or three days ago. If I mean it's because my hand won't hold out—that's all I'm afraid of." Both men stripped to the buff. Dempsey appeared to be in better condition than Taylor, his skin being pinker and his muscles apparently harder. Dempsey's right forearm was simply and sore looking, but for the first four rounds it didn't seem to trouble him much. Taylor wore dark blue breeches and Dempsey linen ones. Taylor's seconds were his two brothers, who seemed to understand the business thoroughly; Fred Bell, a sparrer of local celebrity, seconded Dempsey.

The fight in detail:
1—Both men spar cautiously for an opening. Taylor opens by a hard blow on Dempsey's cheek which makes Dempsey blush. He counters on Taylor's left ear. Round ends with Dempsey forcing the fighting at the ropes. Taylor breathing hard.

2—After several rapid exchanges Dempsey lands a sledge-hammer left-hand blow into Taylor's stomach. Taylor almost knocked out. Recovers himself, but spars weakly to close up round—escaping punishment by clever dodging. Round ends in Dempsey's favor.

3—Opens with a terrible blow by Dempsey on Taylor's left temple; cut appears near outer corner of eye, and a red stream trickles down Taylor's cheek—first blood for Dempsey. Taylor short in wind but sparring cleverly. Dempsey smiling, cool and active. Several clinches occur, but men break promptly when ordered by referee. Round closes with severe fighting.

4—A very tough round. Taylor recovering his wind and giving nearly as much as he takes. Taylor gets in a back blow on Dempsey's ear which causes him to spin; but Dempsey gets revenge by slugging Taylor twice in quick succession on the neck and mouth. Dempsey's under lip cut and bleeding profusely.

5—Taylor looking fresher. Hitting Dempsey hard on the face; Dempsey smiles and counters with force, but his blows begin to weaken. Dempsey's nose cut across by a slashing right-hand hit straight from the shoulder. Dempsey rains blows on Taylor's body, but the little fellow guards his broad back well. Round ends in Taylor's favor.

6—Both sparring carefully. Taylor opens with a sweeping blow on Dempsey's left ear, which he repeats twice. Dempsey retaliates by forcing Taylor against the ropes and hitting him smartly on the cheek at short distance. Taylor smiles, and says "Some more, please." A series of body blows on both sides follows, until the chests of both men are as red as beet and show bruises. Clinches are numerous in this round, and the men hit wickedly in breaking away. Round ends slightly in Taylor's favor.

7 and 8—Hard hitting in both. Dempsey evidently weakening, but very game, taking Taylor's hard blows smilingly.

9—The hardest fought round in the battle. Dempsey makes a grand rally and tries to knock the little man out with his left, while he uses his right right as a guard. Taylor escapes only by his wonderful dodging. Once, coming up suddenly after a clever duck, he plants a smashing upper-cut on Dempsey's chin, which shuts up Dempsey's jaws like a trap, and almost lifts him off his feet. Dempsey fights wholly on the defensive in the latter part of the round; Taylor chasing him from one side of the ring to the other; but just before the round closes Dempsey lands his left against Taylor's side and makes him grunt. Round is in favor of Taylor.

10—Similar to last. Dempsey's main endeavor is to avoid Taylor's rapidly delivered face blows. Dempsey blowing hard, but with lots more fight in him. Taylor growing fresher and livelier every round. Towards the close Dempsey puts all his strength into a blow aimed at Taylor's neck; Taylor ducks and gets out of the way, and the force of the intended blow carcares Dempsey around; Taylor knocks him against the ropes. The round and the battle end in hard fighting, in which some of the severest blows of the fight are given and taken.

The battle began at 3:30 A. M. and was over 54 minutes later. When the fight was over Dempsey's face, neck and breast were covered with blood and his face was puffy and bruised; the only mark on Taylor's face was the cut on his left temple, but his chest and sides bore the marks of hard punishment. It was noticed that after the fourth round Dempsey used his right arm very little, holding it in front of him on the belt. The reason was explained when the fight was over. After he and Taylor had shaken hands, Dempsey said to his antagonist: "Say, I've been fighting you ever since the fourth round with a broken arm." This was true. His right forearm, which was still weak from his last fight, was broken in two places by a blow which he aimed at Taylor's neck, but which Taylor dodged and took on the head. The arm was terribly swollen. Dempsey had said nothing about his misfortune, but had fought six rounds with his arm useless before him. The fight resulted in a draw, the referee deciding that Dempsey had had the advantage in the first four rounds, and that Taylor had not shown sufficient superiority in the following rounds to outweigh this advantage. Both men took the decision philosophically. With the assistance of their seconds they dressed hastily; the stakes were drawn, and the crowd had dispersed before the mists had rolled away from the hillside. The fight proved that Taylor is more than a match for Dempsey in science, and can hit as hard. If the fight had been to a finish Taylor would undoubtedly have won it. Even if Dempsey had complete use of both arms, it is probable that Taylor, with his superior skill, would prove more than a match for him. It had been arranged that the winner should get 60 per cent of the receipts, and the loser 40 per cent; but as the fight resulted in a draw the receipts were divided equally.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands six feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Dewdrop has already won \$10,925 this season. Troubadour is all right now, and only wants work to make him the race horse he was six weeks ago.

Harry McKenna, of San Francisco, the rail billiard player, has eclipsed all his former records by a run of 2,001 points.

Dr. J. C. Daly threw the 56-pound weight over a tape stretched at a height of 12 feet 9 inches at Tullamore sports, Ireland, July 27.

H. M. Johnson is now going to attempt to beat Smith's 150 yard running time (14.3 seconds), made Saturday at Youngtown, Ohio.

L. E. Myers states that he has not yet decided whether he will go to England or not. Myers' ambition is to own a racing stable, and it is more than likely ere one year elapses he will do so.

In a communication from Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, he states he is anxious to meet any of the light weights, and if any one of them is similarly inclined, he will make a trip to Philadelphia, and box eight or ten rounds for points for 75 and 25 per cent of the receipts of the house, and bet any sum, from \$100 up, on the result; or his offer to fight for the light-weight championship, \$1,000 a side and the gate money (and a bet of \$1,000 to boot) is still open, and he hopes one of the many aspirants to the championship will pick up the gauntlet, Marquis of Queensberry or London prize ring rules, with kid gloves, will suit.

The following explains itself.

BROOKLYN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, Aug. 7, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
We, the undersigned, hereby certify that, July 18, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, we measured the following performances, accomplished on level ground, by M. W. Ford, all made without weights: Standing hop, step and jump, 29 feet 9½ inches; standing jump, step and jump, 31 feet 10 inches; ten standing broad jumps, 113 feet 3¼ inches.

JOSEPH T. S. WEST,
W. H. ROBERTSON.

Arrangements were to have been completed at the Police Gazette office on Aug. 5, for a single-stroke race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Chas. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, to row three miles for \$1,000 a side. T. J. Brosnan, of the Seaside House, Rockaway, was on hand, and Hanlan's backer was also represented; but J. H. Brockway, Courtney's backer, was not on hand, but notified Hanlan's backer, Richard K. Fox, that he would arrange a match. Courtney agreed to row Hanlan and the match will be ratified. Besides the \$2,000 stakes, Ex-Senator J. H. Oakley and T. J. Brosnan offer a purse if Hanlan and Courtney will row at Rockaway, and it is more than probable that Messrs. Oakley and Brosnan's proposition will be accepted. Richard K. Fox telegraphed from the Ocean House at Newport that he was ready to back Hanlan for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and arrange the match to be rowed on any course that suited Hanlan.

The three-mile swimming match between Dennis F. Butler and Wm. Johnson, for \$250 and the championship of America, on the Delaware, from Greenwood to Gloucester, Pa., on Aug. 6, attracted a large crowd. The contestants were accompanied over the course by George W. Doherty, carrying about 150 spectators, the police tug Wm. S. Stokely and numerous row-boats. The men started off well together—at about 5:25 P. M.—but they had not gone far when Butler began to forge ahead rapidly, and at no stage of the race after the first quarter of a mile did the results seem doubtful. At Kalgh's Point Butler was 200 yards to the fore, and he then began to take things easy, playing about in the water and watching his opponent. Butler kept increasing his lead, and was about 400 yards in the lead when he passed Point Airy, and he reached the stake-boat about that distance ahead of Johnson, making the remarkably fast time of 45 minutes 46 seconds. Johnson's time was 49 minutes 33 seconds. Johnson admitted himself fairly beaten. Johnson says he has too much flesh.

Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, called at the Police Gazette office Aug. 9, and left the following reply to H. W. Staples of San Francisco, who recently offered to wager \$1,000 that Mr. Graham could not kill 45 out of 50 pigeons: New York, August 9, 1886.

Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to the challenge in the Police Gazette and despatch from Mr. H. W. Staples, allow me to suggest that when he drew that \$100 check upon his bankers he assuredly drew another and larger one upon "his imagination," when he states that I said I could kill 45, trap and handle, birds out of 50, with one hand only. I would want both hands and feet too, and then I would not do it. Can Mr. Staples find any man in the world to back himself to do this with all his limbs? I will bet him \$500 he can't, and I will find the birds. His challenge is simply absurd, and so it must appear to any one who knows anything about shooting. Let him name a reasonable thing, and I will immediately cover his dollars and make a match. Yours faithfully,

W. GRAHAM.

The following is a summary of the trotting and pacing at Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 6: Purse, \$1,000 for the 2:25 class mile heats; three in five, in harness; 9 entries.

M. E. McNeill's ch m Mabel A	5	5	2	1	1	1
F. A. Mackey's ch s J. Fletcher	4	1	5	4	2	
J. Spaul's ch m Ensign	1	2	5	2	3	
F. Martin's ch g Riffman	2	4	3	4	3	
G. Janison's ch h Clipper	3	3	4	3	3	
Time—2:26½, 2:23½, 2:24, 2:26, 2:27½, 2:26½.						

Purse, \$1,000 for the 2:17 class; mile heats; three in five, in harness; 6 entries.

O. A. Hickock's ch g Arab	1	1	1		
J. Golden's ch m Bonita	2	3	2		
C. F. Kenyon's ch g Wm. Arthur	3	2	3		
H. Simon's ch h Jerome Turner	4	4	4		

Purse, \$1,000, "free for all" pacing; mile heats; three in five, in harness; 6 entries.

J. D. MacFarland's ch h Dan D	3	1	1		
P. Sidall's ch g Westmont	1	2	3		
D. S. Quinlan's ch g Gossip, Jr.	4	3	2		
W. H. McCarthy's ch g Rich Bull	2	4	dis		
Time—2:18½, 2:16½, 2:18, 2:17.					

The game of Lacrosse between the Toronto and New York Lacrosse Clubs at Staten Island, New York, on August 9, attracted a large crowd. The New York Club really played a fine defence game yesterday, but the good running and quick passing of its opponents was too much for it. The ball was faced at 5 o'clock by Capt. H. C. Kelly of the Irish Lacrosse Team, who was referee, and Dixon, the centre field, soon passed it to the Canadian attack field. Successive shots on their part ended in the fall of the goal for Canada by a shot from Dixon, notwithstanding the efforts of Brown and Hodge to stop the ball. Time, 4 minutes. In the next bout Robinson, Popham, Brown, and Wright worked hard to save the goal, and would have done so but that a ball thrown by Sewell from the centre of the field rebounded off the cross of Hodge, the New York goal keeper, to Stowe, who shot it through the posts, scoring the second goal also for Canada. Time, 11 minutes. The third game was the best of all, although New York's attack field had little to do. Wheeler was brought in from the attack to defend the New York goal. It was of little avail, however, for, after stopping four successive shots, Dixon made a long run, and sent the ball through the posts by a good underhand shot, making the third goal for Canada. Time, 18 minutes. Fifteen minutes more of play ended in no goal, and then time was called.

The following letters will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed: L. Alanzopana, James Burns, Phil. Brubeck, Thos. Bennett, Doc. Baggis, Montie P. Bentley, Jas. Brady, Jack Borlan, Jack Burgess, Dr. W. F. Carver, Fred Cunningham, Judge J. L. Crotty, J. D. Cannon, Mr. Chemah, Chinese dwarf, Young Cannon, Jack Dempsey, Frank Downell, Wm. Daly, owner of dog Ned; Thos. Dobbinis, Miss Annie Dunscombe, actresses; Harry Dobson, Pete Duffy, Ed. Decker, Peter Duryea,

Dan Donohue (2), John Edwards, Terry Duffy, Thos. F. Drohan, Chas. E. Eldred, John Flynn, Geo. W. Foster, James Fankner, Jas. W. Fullbrook (2), Ike Friskarn, Ed. Gates (2), Dick Garvin, Chas. E. Greene, Capt. F. E. Halleck, Thos. Haulihan (2), Tom Hall, W. H. Hutchinson, John T. Hartnett (Jumper), Tom Hussey, Edward Hayse, J. Edwin Irving (Peck's Bad Boy Co.), Ed. James, M. K. Kittlesma (sprinter), Thos. King (2), Frederick Krohn, Dan Kane (2), Geo. Leubart, Eph Morris, Barney McGuire, Patsy Murphy, Arthur Mullen, Jos. A. Montefiore, G. J. Montgomery, Chas. McCoy, Wm. Mantell, Alfred Oakley, John S. Prince, Chas. Princeton, P. Pauchot, Mich. Phamm, John Roonan (2), J. Roblens, Jas. Regan, Felix Rey, Wallace Ross, C. Ross, Billy Rodmond, Mr. Smith, Anthony Strohle, Mile. St. Quentin, Mich. Seully, John Teemer, Capt. Manuel C. Thomas, Tom Turk, Miss May Tobin (2), Wm. Turner, J. S. Taylor, Fred Vokes, Ed. Tisdale, Harry Vaughan, Minnie Vernon, Tom Ward, Geo. Williams, Wilson & Williams, Fred Wood, Prof. Harry Wyre, J. A. Wales (2), Jack Williams, Wm. H. Zeno.

The single-stroke race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, James Ten Eyck, of Peekskill, Geo. H. Hosmer, of Boston, and John McKay, of Boston, for a purse of \$1,000, a mile and a half with a turn, was rowed off Nantasket Beach, Mass., on Aug. 9. Ten thousand persons were on the beach, and Hanlan was a strong favorite. The men were sent off at about 6:54. Hanlan took the water first, and before the others had gotten under way he was nearly half a length in advance. In a few moments he was giving the other men the wash from his boat. Ten Eyck quickly followed and it looked as though he would give Hanlan a hard rub. McKay and Hosmer were about even, and both were rowing in good form. Before the first mile had been rowed Hanlan was two boat lengths ahead, rowing his old-time stroke of 29. Ten Eyck was rowing 34 and Hosmer and McKay were rowing 35. Although his stroke was slower, Hanlan's boat was forced along faster than the others. At the mile Hanlan led by three lengths, and was rowing a 28 stroke. Hosmer had worked into second place, and was gaining inch by inch on Hanlan, and nearly overtook him. Here he caught a "crab," and fell behind. McKay spurred into Hosmer's place. To the mile and a half the race between Ten Eyck and McKay was a warm one, but the latter reached there first, Hanlan turning far ahead of all his competitors. Hosmer turned about five lengths in the rear of the others. On the homestretch Ten Eyck spurred several times and endeavored to secure second place, but although he gained steadily he could not overtake McKay. Hanlan maintained a good lead to the finish. The time was: Hanlan, 21 minutes, 55 seconds; McKay, 22 minutes 5 seconds; Ten Eyck, 22 minutes 6 seconds. Hosmer's time was not taken.

A novel match was arranged at the "Police Gazette" office Aug. 9, in which Michael Curran, of the New Jersey Dredging Company, was backed by Wm. Snow to cross the North river standing on a log 25 feet long and 18 inches wide, for \$200 a side. A deposit of \$100 a side was posted with Richard K. Fox and articles of agreement signed. Curran is to board the log at the foot of Tenth street at 10 A. M. Monday, Aug. 16, and without any assistance except a boat hook propel the log across the river to the Elysian Fields. If he falls or slips off he is to forfeit the money now deposited. Wm. McCormick, a saloon-keeper of 142 West street, wagers \$100 with Snow that Curran cannot accomplish the feat. It will be a novel match, and create no little excitement among the parties interested. Curran will be allowed to wear cork soles, with three spikes in each heel. Curran is a native of St. John, N. B., stands 5 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds, after the match was made Curran's backer left the following challenge.

New York, August 9th, 1886.

Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR:—I am prepared to match Michael Curran, of Jersey City, to cross the North river standing on a saw-log, 25 feet long, 18 inches in diameter, against any man in America, nothing but a boat hook to be used, and the latter not to exceed 25 pounds in weight. Man and money ready at the Police Gazette office. Any one accepting this challenge will post a deposit with Richard K. Fox and notify me the time to meet to sign articles. Stakes to be from \$100 to \$250 a side, and Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

Wm. Snow, American Dredging Co., Jersey City.

Richard K. Fox has received a letter from Belfast, Ireland. It gives the personnel of the Irish International Lacrosse team recently arrived in this country. It also states that Dr. W. R. B. McWha was a member of the Irish International Lacrosse team who are coming to this country, was drowned while out shooting. Dr. McWha was considered the best Lacrosse player in Ireland.

A few months ago Dr. McWha obtained a lucrative appointment under Dr. Taylor, at Cochar, in the northeast portion of India, and he had only been a few days arrived at that place when he got drowned while out with a shooting party. The news was received in the North with something akin to consternation, and the most profound sympathy is universally felt for those who are left to mourn his loss. Dr. McWha was a student of the Queen's College, Belfast, and after a successful collegiate career he received an appointment in the Belfast Union Infirmary, which he left to go to India. Some eight years ago he took a prominent part in organizing the Knock Association Football Club, which was the second in Ireland, Cliftonville being first, and he was the first man selected to represent Ireland on international matches. As a right wing forward he was the best ever represented the shamrock, and for his dash and dribbling powers he received the encomiums of the press wherever he went.

H. C. Kelly, field captain, member of N. I. L. C., has played for Ireland vs England, 1881 '82; for Ireland vs Scotland, 1879. He has now given up active play, but was in his time an excellent centre fielder, dolly and hard to tackle. He is also an ex-International Rugby football man.

J. Sinclair, member of N. I. L. C., plays first home, in which position he is unequalled for hard shooting and presence of mind. He played for Ireland vs England, 1881, '82, '83, '84, '85; for Ireland vs Scotland, 1879; for Ireland vs Canada, 1881; United Kingdom vs Canada, 1883; United Kingdom vs United States 1884; also Ireland vs America, 1884.

Alexander H. Dill, member of the Down Athletic Club, plays goal, where he has a reputation for stopping well, clearing his goal, and long throwing. He has played for Ireland vs England, 1881, '82, '83, '84, '85; for Ireland vs Canada, 1883; United Kingdom vs Canada, 1883; and United Kingdom vs United States 1884; also Ireland vs America, 1884. He is also an ex-International Association footballer.

Alex. W. Child is a member of N. I. L. C., plays point. He has the reputation of being a good checker and determined player. He throws well. He has played for Ireland vs England, 1884, 1885; for Ireland vs Canada, 1883, and for United States, 1884; also for United Kingdom vs United States, 1884.

R. Montgomery is a member of N. I. L. C., plays second home: is a very fast runner, good dodger, and fair shot at goal; has played for Ireland vs England, 1883, 1884, 1885, and Canada, 1883; also for Ireland and for United Kingdom vs United States, 1884.

J. T. Gibb, member of the Rugby Lacrosse Club; plays in the defence field; a cool player, fast runner, and beautiful dodger. Has played for Ireland vs England, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885; v Canada, 1883, and for Ireland and United Kingdom v United States, 1884.

D. J. Ross, member of N. I. L. C., plays in the attack field, where he is noted for coolness and pertinacity; dodges well. Has played for Ireland and England in '84, '85. He is an International Rugby Football player and an excellent cricketer. He comes of an athletic family.

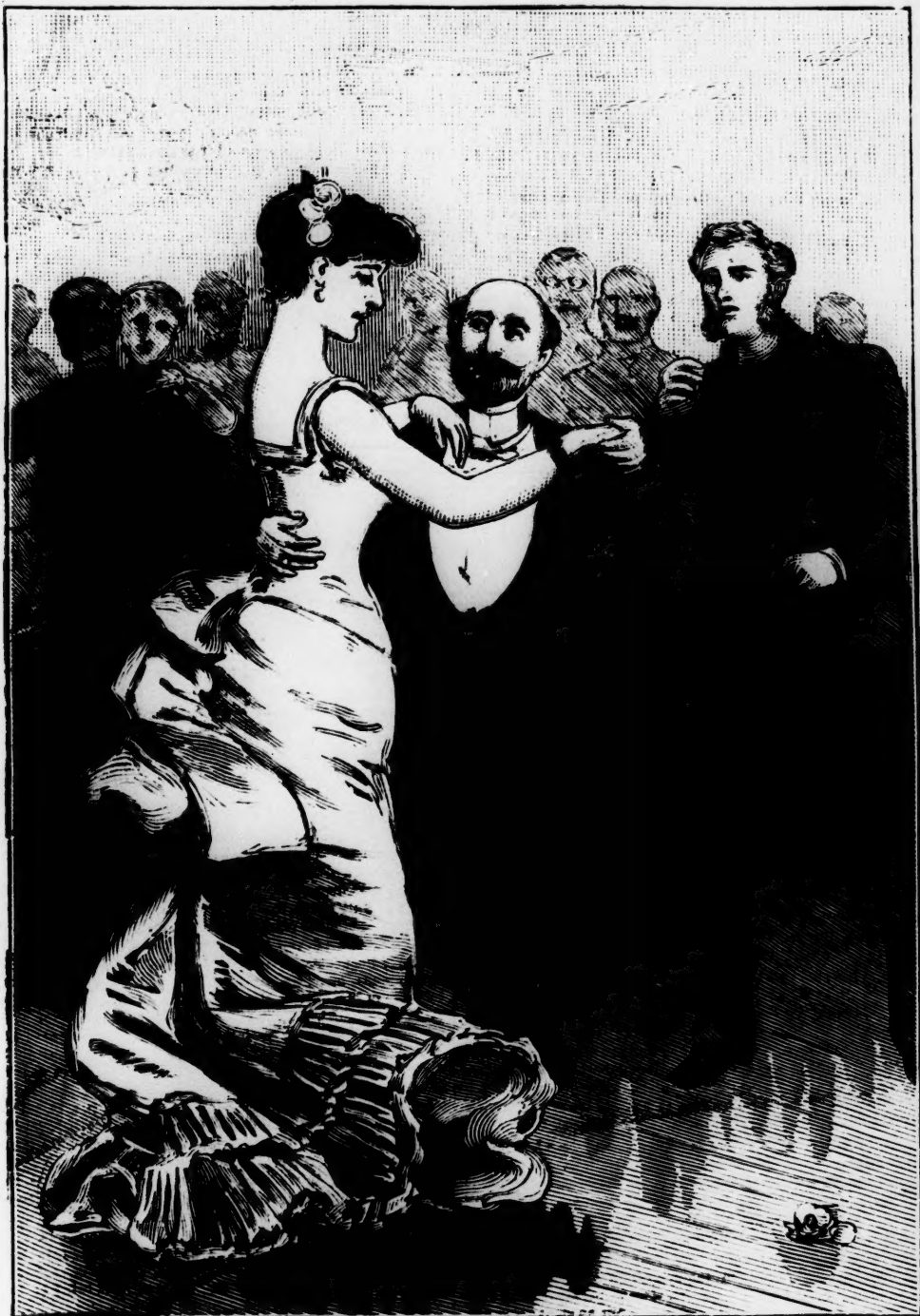
A. Wheeler, member of Ards L. C., plays centre, and is noted for speed and dash. Is also a dexterous dodger. He has played for Ireland vs England '83, '85, vs Canada '83.

S. C. Kelly, brother of the field captain, plays centre field, is a fast runner and steady man all round. Has never previously played in an international match, but stands in the front rank of players.

E. Nelson, member of Rugby L. C., plays in the attack field, is a strong, fast runner, and plays with great determination. He played for Ireland vs Canada '83, vs United States '84, and for United Kingdom vs United States '84. He is a well-known International Rugby Football man.

H. Scaver, member of the N. I. L. C., plays in the defence field, and he is a strong, fast runner, and very close checker. He has never previously played in an international match, but comes of an athletic family.

M. Macdonald, member of Ards L. C., a very promising goal keeper: first-rate stopper, and good throw, has not played hitherto in an international



A CURIOUS CLERGYMAN.

MISS DAISY WILSON, A BELLE OF BALTIMORE, MAKES A SENSATION AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.



SEVENTY AND SEVEN.

SEPTUAGENARIAN CLEM BISHOP OF GREENSBURG, KY., MARRIES SEVEN-YEAR OLD BETTA BOSTON.



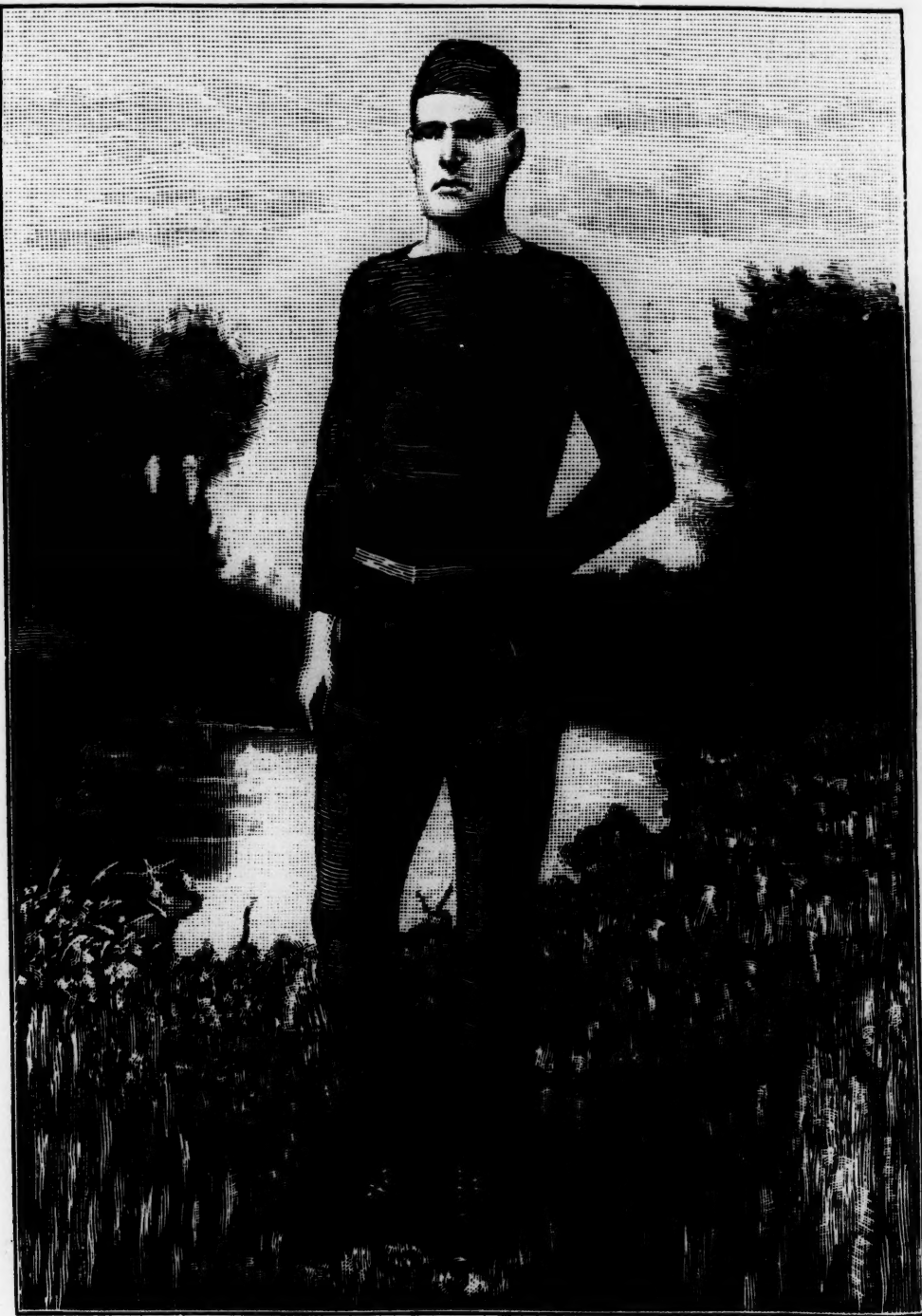
IT WAS A DEATH LEAP.

TWO PRISONERS ON THE ICHFUNCTA RIVER, LA., JUMP OVERBOARD FROM THE SHERIFF'S CUSTODY.



TWO SHOTS AT A WITNESS.

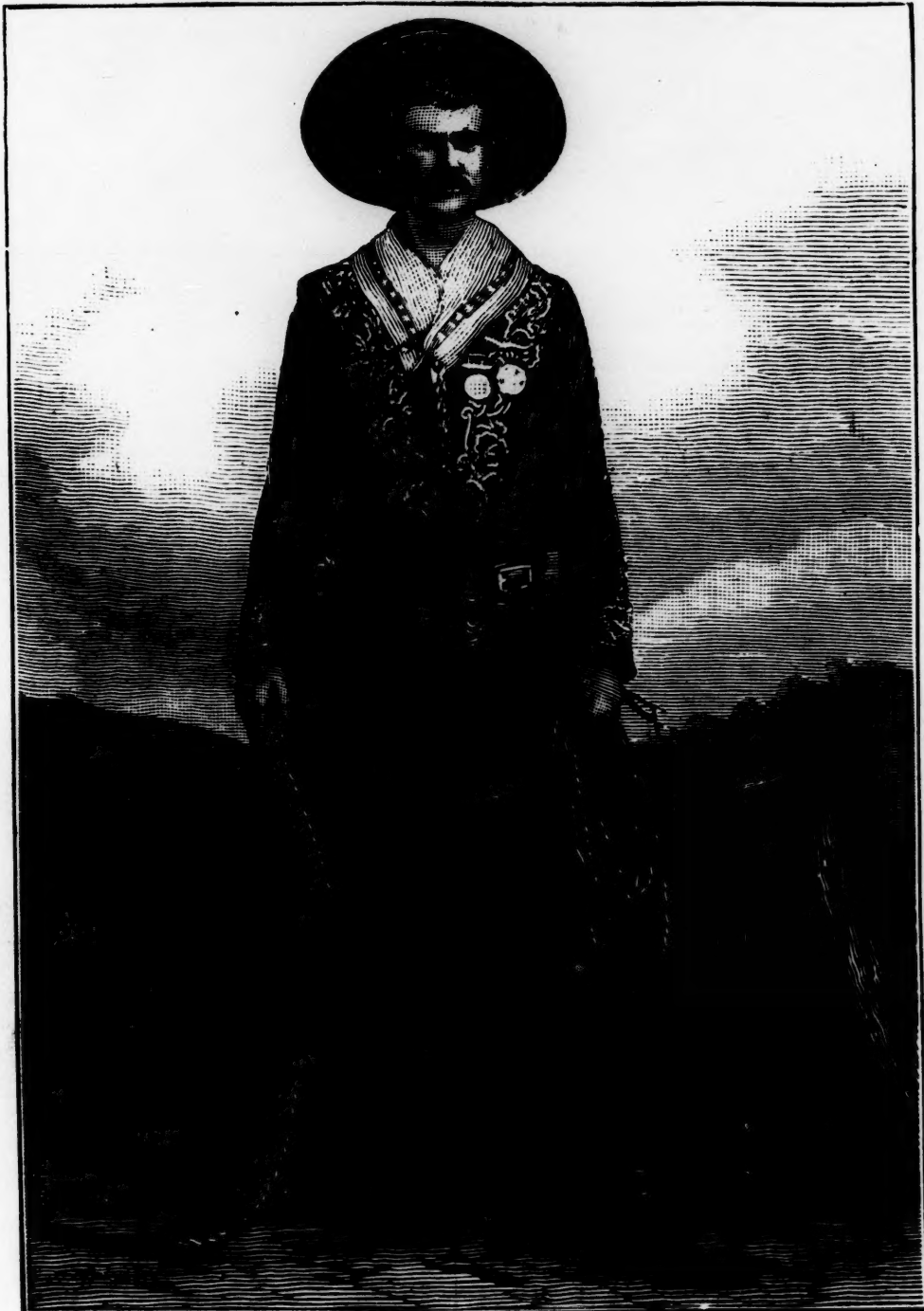
ADA SHANNON, WHO TESTIFIED IN A POUGHKEEPSIE DIVORCE SUIT IS FIRED AT IN NEWBURGH, N. Y.



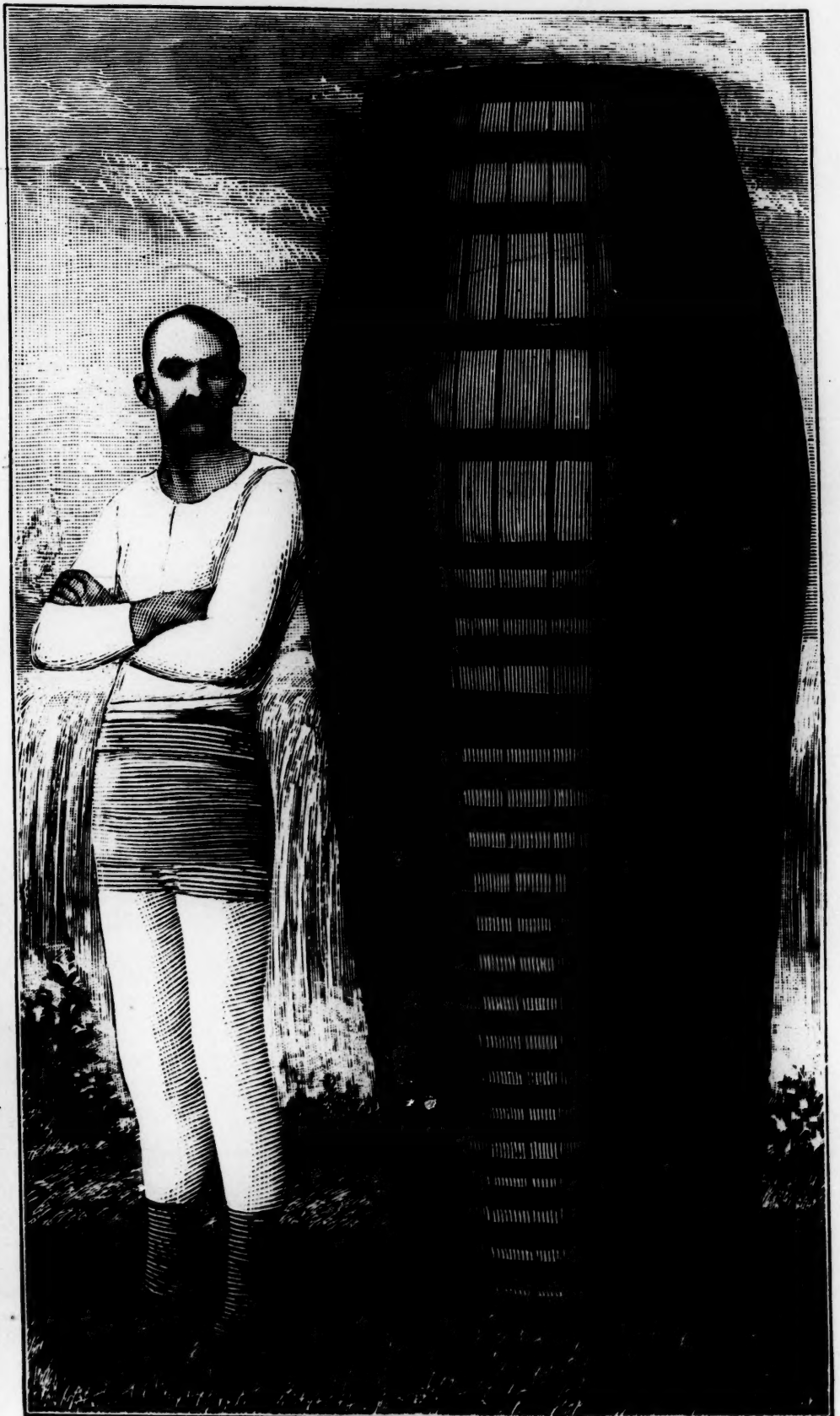
W. G. NEAFER,
THE ATHLETIC CHAMPION LADDER CLIMBER OF IOWA.



BOBTAIL,
A FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



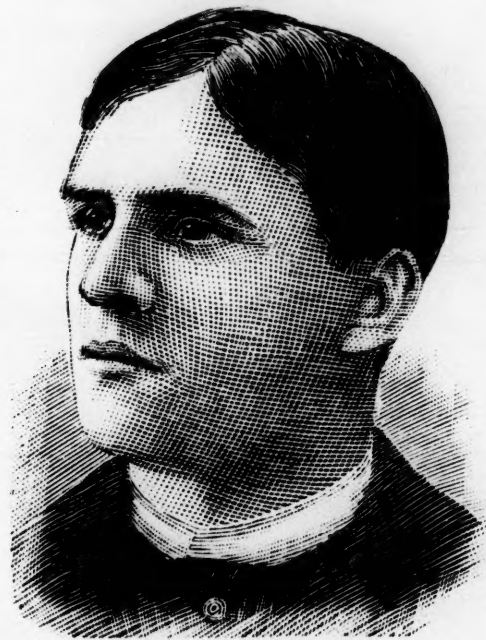
JAMES G. WILLOUGHBY,
BETTER KNOWN AS JIMMY THE KID, OF THE WILD WEST SHOW.



CARLISLE D. GRAHAM,
THE MODEST YOUNG HERO OF THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS ESCAPE.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



George J. Smith,

The short-stop of the Brooklyn Club, hails from Pittsburgh, Pa., and made his first appearance on the diamond in 1877 as pitcher of the Hunter team, an amateur organization of that city. He continued with the Hunter Club for four successive seasons; in 1879 and 1880 short-stopping, and also occupying third base at times. Smith joined the Altoona Club in 1881 as short-stop, and remained with it until it disbanded, May 31, 1884, after a brief and inglorious existence in the Union Association. He was then engaged by the Cleveland Club, covering second base until Glasscock seceded, when he was shifted to short-stop. His record in 1884 was a noteworthy one, he having the best fielding average in the short-stop's position in both the Union Association and National League. From the Cleveland he went into the Brooklyn Club, and in that club's team during 1885 he made an enviable record for himself as a short-stop, his work surpassing that of any player who had previously filled the position for the Brooklyn. He distinguished himself Aug. 6 by putting out four men and assisting nine times without an error. He is remarkably active, an earnest worker for his side, and has but few equals in picking up grounders on the run.

Ellick is a regular stuff of an umpire.

Terry was made very sad August 3, in Pittsburgh.

Radbourne showed up in his old form against the Chicagoans.

Barkley has been finding the ball in great shape this season.

Charley Sweeney proved a failure in Syracuse and was given the grand bounce.

The Chicagoans were greatly chagrined over the style in which they were handled in the East.

Radbourne made both the Chicago and Detroit clubs bite the dust when they faced him in Boston.

The Atlanta are again on the war-path, and are raising havoc with the Southern League clubs.

The two Smiths are doing great work at short stop, and it is a difficult matter to tell which is the better.

Big Dan Brannons keeps on pounding the ball just as if it was a soft snap to hit for doubles, triples, and home runs.

Lions did not catch on in Philadelphia, as his record reached the Quaker City from Atlanta before he did.

There is no use in talking. Lew Dickerson can't let the old stuff alone, and Syracuse dropped him on that account.

The style in which Charley Bennett is catching this season makes the other crack catchers turn green with envy.

Ned Cuthbert ought to be given a trial at umpiring, and he would soon have this sinecure idea knocked out of his head.

The 18 to 0 game in Pittsburgh made the Brooklyn feel very sorrowful, and they returned to their hotel with heavy hearts.

It is claimed that Joe Sommers is playing for his release. He had better keep an eye peeled or he will get the black list instead.

Larry Corcoran has been returned to the New Yorks, as Mike Scanlon did not think he could keep pace with the Washingtons.

The Detroiters have been beamed with blind luck this season, as they have not been shut out in a single game out of over seventy.

There is more than a slight possibility that there are at least five clubs in the League that can make the St. Louis Browns cry quits.

The "Hustling" Dan O'Leary is not one of the kind to get left, and it will be but a short time till he bobs up again on top of the heap.

The Brooklyn scorers are getting a pretty bad ripping throughout the West for the style in which they work in the interest of the home club.

"Silver" Flint is not slamming the ball around to the bases this season with his old-time vigor. Age is beginning to get in its big work.

Terry, Terry, Oh, yes, Terry. Why Terry is the fellow that used to pitch for the Brooklyn. Now an exploded phenomenal I believe they call him.

It is to be hoped that the American Association clubs have had a belly full of conflicting dates, as they have been the heaviest sufferers from the conflict.

The Athletic management are now beginning to weep over the \$750 they are giving to McGarr, as the latter is by no means what he was cracked up to be.

There are many hungry eyes watching the movements of Murphy, of the Boston Blues, as he gives promise of panning out one of the heaviest batters in the country.

Tommy Bond has seen his best days as a pitcher, and the man who once puzzled the heaviest batsmen in the arena is now knocked out of the lot by the feather weights.

It runs in the family. Harry Wright has a son who is a promising ball tosser. He is now pitching for the St. John's Club, of Quincy, Mass. He is a regular chip of the old block.

A Western paper says the Metropolitan Club grounds are being utilized during the absence of the club by the Buffalo Bill combination. Away off, my friends. The two grounds are about five miles apart.

Bob Barr is now keeping company with a felon, and it is alleged that he even caresses it in public and handles it tenderly. The ladies all say that he ought to make a loving husband and a kind father.

A mantle of gloom covers Duluth. The bottom has not fallen out of her real estate market, nor has a cyclone swept the town, but her ball club shows a disposition to give way to the enemy.—St. Paul Globe.

Hengle is about the fittest umpire in the country. "He won't take nothing off of nobody," says Pete Hotaling, and he even fines a man if he sneezes. The fines Hengle imposed in two weeks amounted to over \$700.

Never has there been a ball player who has had so many chances to reform as Dickerson, but there is no use talking, as he won't have it. He is a first-class ball player in every respect, but he is also a first-class hoister.

Why the Detroit base ball team should swoop down on Garrett, Ind., and annihilate their local base ball club by a score of 43 to 3 is beyond the comprehension of the most voracious base ball crank in the country.—Lansing Republican.

In talking about mascots at baseball games, John Morrill, captain of the Boston, said: "Mascots are good things to encourage the boys, but you have got to have a pretty strong team to encourage the mascot."—Rochester Post-Express.

Consternation filled every breast in Shantytown when the fielder of the second nine shouted from the inclosure where the ball had been batted: "Ye'll have ter call der game, fellers; Finnerty's pig has swallowed the ball!"—Exchange.

"The idea of comparing the Detroit with the Chicago is absurd," said one of the Rochester. "The Chicago can play more ball in a minute than the Detroit can in a week."—Rochester Post-Express. But we do manage to keep ahead of them.—Detroit Free Press.

A correspondent wants to know what we think of "opportune" hitting. Opportune hitting is immense, and no well-regulated club should consider its outfit complete until it lays in a supply. The visiting club never does any "opportune hitting." If it happens to get in three or four hits in succession, or a player happens to make a three bagger when the bases are full, it is "lucky" hitting. Opportune hitting is reserved for the home club alone.—Philadelphia North American.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

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PITTSFIELD, Ill., July 22, 1886.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR:—We are well pleased with the results of our "Ad" and will send you another order for advertising in about two weeks. With best wishes for your own and paper's welfare,
We remain respectfully,
RAPID REMEDY CO.

St. Louis Mo., July 31st, 1886.
Relating to the efficacy of the POLICE GAZETTE as an advertising medium, we enclose you herewith envelope which contained reply to our "Ad" from Fyzabad, Oude, East Indies, via Bombay, London, and New York.

Yours etc.,
SAN MATEO MED. CO.

Oswego, N. Y., July 30th, 1886.
Business fair, no let up on foreign orders, and by the way, we trust you will pardon the liberty of our making a suggestion concerning foreign orders. We receive every week more or less foreign postage stamps, which are useless to us as we cannot dispose of them. They come from every country, and we are out to the trouble and expense of returning them. We know all the advertisers in the GAZETTE are put to the same inconvenience, and as foreign orders are so plenty would it not be a good idea to advise (at the head of your advertising columns) that foreign remittances be made by Post Office order in all cases that they can be so made. Three foreign orders all containing stamps, (as per envelopes enclosed) were received by us in one mail.

IMPORTING CO.

Office of CHICAGO SPECIALTY CO.,
322 E. Division Street,
CHICAGO, ILL., July 6, 1886.
We are free to say that we consider the POLICE GAZETTE the most widely circulated and best paying advertising medium we have used, and we only have used high-priced papers, which we consider pay best in the end.

F. C. FARRINGTON.

Boston, July 7, 1886.
Your paper pays us well, even at the high price you charge for advertising.

CLIFFORD RUBBER CO.

I will say that I think the GAZETTE is the best paper I ever advertised in.

GEORGE W. GOLDTHWAIT.

Cincinnati, July 13, 1886.
Yours of the 10th inst., to hand, and in reply say that we find your paper (the POLICE GAZETTE) a first-class advertising medium. We are not advertising this summer, but hope to be with you again this fall.

J. C. EMORY & Co., per S. M.

Boston, 13th July, 1886.
We are very well pleased with our trial advertisement and shall be happy to renew. Inclosed find \$7 in payment of same.

CARLTON & Co.

THE CONTINENTAL NOVELTY CO.,
106 Strand,
LONDON, W. C., July 13, 1886.
We are the largest photographic publishers in Europe. We advertise in every country where the English language is spoken. Our experience with American papers is POLICE GAZETTE first—rest nowhere. Our advertising agent will forward you fresh order when sending out our American advertisements.

CONTINENTAL NOVELTY CO.

In an interview at Rochester, on the 17th of July, Mr. G. W. Archer, of the Archer Mfg. Co., of "Barber Chairs" said: "We are perfectly satisfied with the advertising columns of the GAZETTE. Our advertisement brings an immense number of inquiries, and in our experience of newspaper advertising the GAZETTE is the only paper that has shown practical results. When our contract runs out we shall not abandon the use of the GAZETTE."

Our returns from our GAZETTE card are all we could ask, and we consider \$1 per line in your paper cheap advertising when its circulation is taken into consideration. Our orders are not now confined to the United States. European and South American orders, though at first they surprised us, are now very common occurrences.

Yours very respectfully,
MOR. IMPORTING CO.

Office of the firm of JOHN MATTHEWS,
Manufacturers of Soda Water Apparatus,
First Ave., Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Sts.,
New York, July 22, 1886.

Our advertisement was productive of numerous inquiries. We are convinced that your journal is a valuable medium for those trades which appeal direct to the consumer.

THE FIRM OF JOHN MATTHEWS,
FEZANDIE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1886.
I regard the POLICE GAZETTE as the best advertising medium I have ever tried. I received over 300 orders in response to an advertisement which you printed one time last winter. Very respectfully, etc.

JEFFERSON COX,

Office of CHAS. E. MARSHALL,
LOCKPORT, N. Y., July 23, 1886.
Would say I found the POLICE GAZETTE as good a medium for advertising for Agents as any other paper I used last season. I shall add the GAZETTE this fall. I do not commence to advertise until September.

Respectfully yours,
CHAS. E. MARSHALL.

THE MONARCH NOVELTY CO.,
CINCINNATI, July 31, 1886.
DEAR SIR—We find your paper, the POLICE GAZETTE, a first-class advertising medium.

Respectfully yours,
MONARCH NOVELTY CO.

LEBANON, O., Aug. 10, 1886.
Your paper is a splendid advertising medium. I get more replies from it than any of the papers in which I used last season. I shall add the GAZETTE this fall. I do not commence to advertise until September.

Respectfully yours,
J. L. STEVENS, M. D.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1886.
DEAR SIR—We have had on our list eight papers claiming the largest circulation in America, but by referring to our books we find that we have received from advertisements inserted in the POLICE GAZETTE twelve times as many cash orders, and thirty times the number of inquiries received from any three of our other papers combined. This speaks well for your paper, and consequently we have decided to drop some of our other papers and put our money in the GAZETTE.

ELLISWORTH PUB. CO.

ADVERTISER'S RETURNS FROM AFRICA.
BLOEMFONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE,
SOUTH AFRICA, Aug. 23, 1886.
I trust you will excuse me with the liberty I am taking in asking yourself to do me a favor. I am a constant reader of your paper, the GAZETTE, and I am well pleased with it, it is really a very nice reading and it gives one lots of information. I have taken the liberty of enclosing — will you kindly buy me — Trusting you will do me this favor, and waiting a favorable reply, with compliments to yourself and family.

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant.

THOS. SCREECH.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00 " "
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 line wide.

ALL ADVERTISING AGENCIES, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

LAWYERS.

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send stamp.
C. & S., 106 Randolph St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted—Agents and Street Peddlers to write for sample and prices of a fast-selling article.
G. HURGETT, Box 147, Columbus, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Married Ladies.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope. Mrs. M. BROWNLEE, Nashua, Pa.

BILLIARD TABLES.

THE BENEDICT
BILLIARD TABLE CO.

Relying upon the intrinsic and unapproachable merit of OUR TABLES, to further extend our large business, we desire to promptly introduce them to all parts of the civilized world, and to that end make for a limited time the following

UNPARALLELED OFFER.



FOR SPOT CASH ONLY HANDSOME INLAIN

POOL OR CAROM TABLE,

like above cut, boxed and on board cars:

4x8 Carom - - - - \$155.
4 1-2x9 Carom - - - - 165.
4x8 Pool - - - - 165.
4 1-2x9 Pool - - - - 175.

Each Table furnished with our CELEBRATED CHALLENGE CUSHIONS, best Slate Beds, fine imported Billiard Cloth, Racks, Balls, Cues, etc., etc.

A COMPLETE FIRST-CLASS OUTFIT.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The Benedict Billiard Table Co.,
54, 56 & 58 W. Railroad St., Syracuse, N. Y.

CARDS.

12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door;" "The Ticker;" "The Nuptial Night;" "The Adventures of a Newly Married Couple;" "Sparkling in the Dark;" "The Baneful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night;" "How to Do It;" and five others equally racy 50 cents.
Young sport! Pack (53) Genuine Transparent Cards: with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents.
Full Mail Gazette Exposure, in book form: just published, 32 pages spicy reading, 15 cents.
Gents! For your girls: 6 curious teasing love letters: read two different ways, 10 cents.
All of the above complete for \$1 bill.
QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, fancy, poetical cards, entitled: "What Did She Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door;" "Parlor Scene at 12 P. M.;" "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Machine;" "Description of a Nuptial Night;" and "Under the Garden Wall," 25c. Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maud's Confession, with photo. R. H., sealed for 12c. Maud Demerest, 103 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door Illus., rich, 52c. stamps. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

SPORTING GOODS.

DRAW-POKER
The probabilities, with calculations. Best manner of playing. Differences between a winning and losing game clearly explained, showing why some habitually lose. By Richard Sturges, many years game-keeper in Chicago, New York and San Francisco. No amateur can afford to be without it. Send fifty cents to Franklin Publishing Co., Box 11 Cincinnati, O. Mention this Paper.

How to win at Cards
Dice, etc. A sure thing, sent free to anyone on receipt of 4c. stamps to pay postage. Address call in person, Wm. SUTDALE, 65 & 67 Nassau St. New York

Poker!—If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. Brown & Co., Salem, N. H.



THE WILD WEST.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE WONDERFUL AGGREGATION OF OCCIDENTAL AMERICAN TALENT WHICH MAKES HIS SHOW THE MOST INTERESTING AND SUCCESSFUL ON EARTH.